

1606/1512

H O M E R ' s

I L I A D.



HOMER
ILLIAD



THE
I L I A D
OF
H O M E R.

TRANSLATED BY
ALEXANDER POPE.
VOLUME THIRD.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut crucier, quod
Vellicat absentem Demetrius? Aut quod ineptus
Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?
Plotius, et Varius, Maecenas, Virgiliusque,
Valgius et probet haec Octavius optimus! HOR.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY ROBERT AND ANDREW FOULIS
M.DCC.LXVII.

THE
 LIFE
 OF
 HOMER.

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 ALEXANDER POPE.
 VOLUME THIRD.

Men, more of our Families; And cruet, good
 To their children, Dainties; And good for
 To their children, Dainties; And good for
 To their children, Dainties; And good for



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 H. DEGLIVILL.

THE

IL I A D.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The fourth battle continued, in which Neptune assists the Greeks: the acts of Idomeneus.

Neptune, concerned for the loss of the Grecians, upon seeing the fortification forced by Hector, who had entered the gate near the station of the Ajaxes, assumes the shape of Colchas, and inspires those heroes to oppose him: then in the form of the generals, encourages the other Greeks who had retired to their vessels. The Ajaxes form their troops in a close phalanx, and put a stop to Hector and the Trojans. Several deeds of valour are performed: Meriones losing his spear in the encounter, repairs to seek another at the tent of Idomeneus: this occasions a conversation between these two warriors, who return together to the battle. Idomeneus signalizes his courage above the rest; he kills Othryoneus, Asius, and Alcathous: Deiphobus and Æneas march against him, and at length Idomeneus retires. Menelaus wounds Helenus and kills Pisander. The Trojans are repulsed in the left wing; Hector still keeps his ground against the Ajaxes, till being gauled by the Locrian slingers and archers, Polydamas advises to call a council of war: Hector approves his advice, but goes first to rally the Trojans; up-

VOL. III, A

braids Paris, rejoins Polydamas, meets Ajax again, and renews the attack.

The eight and twentieth day still continues. The scene is between the Grecian wall and the sea-shore.

WHEN now the thund'rer on the sea-beat coast
 Had fix'd great Hector and his conqu'ring host;
 He left them to the fates, in bloody fray
 To toil and struggle thro' the well-fought day.
 Then turn'd to Thracia from the field of fight
 Those eyes, that shade insuff'rable light,
 To where the Mysians prove their martial force,
 And hardy Thracians tame the savage horse;
 And where the far-fam'd Hippemologian strays,
 Renown'd for justice and for length of days,
 Thrice happy race! that, innocent of blood,
 From milk, innoxious, seek their simple food:
 Jove sees delighted; and avoids the scene
 Of guilty Troy, of arms, and dying men:
 No aid he deems to either host is giv'n,
 While his high law suspends the pow'rs of heav'n.

Mean time the monarch of the wat'ry main
 Observ'd the thund'rer, nor observ'd in vain.
 In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow,
 Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
 He sate; and round him cast his azure eyes,
 Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
 Below, fair Ilion's glittering spires were seen;
 The crouded ships, and sable seas between.
 There, from the chrystal chambers of the main,
 Emerg'd, he sate; and mourn'd the Argives slain.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
 Fierce as he past, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake! earth trembled as he trode,
 And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god.
 From realm to realm three ample strides he took,
 And at the fourth, the distant Ægæe shook.

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
 Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands:
 This having reach'd, his brass-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep;
 Th' enormous monsters, rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
 And heavy whales in aukward measures play:
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults, and owns the monarch of the main;
 The parting waves before his coursers fly:
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

Deep in the liquid regions lies a cave,
 Between where Tenedos the surges lave,
 And rocky Imbrus breaks the rolling wave:
 There the great ruler of the azure round
 Stopt his swift chariot, and his steeds unbound,
 Fed with ambrosial herbage from his hand,
 And link'd their fetlocks with a golden band,

Infrangible, immortal: there they stay.
 The father of the floods pursues his way;
 Where, like a tempest dark'ning heav'n around,
 Or fiery deluge that devours the ground,
 Th' impatient Trojans, in a gloomy throng,
 Embattel'd roll'd, as Hector rush'd along.
 To the loud tumult and the barb'rous cry.
 The heav'ns re-echo, and the shores reply;
 They vow destruction to the Grecian name,
 And in their hopes, the fleets already flame.

But Neptune, rising from the seas profound,
 The god whose earthquakes rock the solid ground,
 Now wears a mortal form; like Calchas seen,
 Such his loud voice, and such his manly mein;
 His shouts incessant ev'ry Greek inspire,
 But most th' Ajaces, adding fire to fire.

'Tis yours, O warriors, all our hopes to raise;
 Oh recollect your antient worth and praise!
 'Tis yours to save us, if you cease to fear;
 Flight, more than shameful, is destructive here.
 On other works tho' Troy with fury fall,
 And pour her armies o'er our batter'd wall;
 There, Greece has strength: but this, this part o'erthrown,
 Her strength were vain; I dread for you alone.
 Here Hector rages like the force of fire,
 Vaunts of his Gods, and calls high Jove his sire.
 If yet some heav'nly pow'r your breast excite,
 Breathe in your hearts, and string your arms to fight,
 Greece yet may live, her threaten'd fleet maintain,
 And Hector's force, and Jove's own aid, be vain.

Then with his sceptre that the deep controuls,
 He touch'd the chiefs, and steel'd their manly souls:
 Strength, not their own, the touch divine imparts,
 Prompts their light limbs, and swells their daring hearts.
 Then as a falcon from the rocky height,
 Her quarry seen, impetuous at the sight
 Forth-springing instant, darts herself from high,
 Shoots on the wing, and skims along the sky:
 Such, and so swift, the pow'r of Ocean flew;
 The wide horizon shut him from their view.

Th' inspiring God, Oileus' active son,
 Perceiv'd the first, and thus to Telamon.

Some god, my friend, some god in human form,
 Fav'ring descends, and wills to stand the storm.
 Not Calchas this, the venerable seer;
 Short as he turn'd, I saw the pow'r appear:
 I mark'd his parting, and the steps he trode;
 His own bright evidence reveals a god.
 Ev'n now some energy divine I share,
 And seem to walk on wings, and tread in air!

With equal ardour, Telamon returns,
 My soul is kindled, and my bosom burns;
 New rising spirits all my force alarm,
 Lift each impatient limb, and brace my arm.
 This ready arm, unthinking, shakes the dart;
 The blood pours back, and fortifies my heart;
 Singly methinks, yon' tow'ring chief I meet,
 And stretch the dreadful Hector at my feet.

Full of the god that urg'd their burning breast,
 The heroes thus their mutual warmth express'd.

• HOMER'S ILIAD. XIII. 117.

Neptune mean while the routed Greeks inspir'd;
 Who breathless, pale, with length of labours tir'd
 Pant in the ships; while Troy to conquest calls,
 And swarms victorious o'er their yielding walls:
 Trembling before th' impending storm they lie,
 While tears of rage stand burning in their eye.
 Greece sunk they thought, and this their fatal hour;
 But breathe new courage as they feel the pow'r.
 Teucer and Leitus first his words excite;
 Then stern Peneleus rises to the fight;
 Thoas, Deipyrus, in arms renown'd,
 And Merion next, th' impulsive fury found;
 Last Nestor's son the same bold ardour takes,
 While thus the God the martial fire awakes.

Oh lasting infamy! oh dire disgrace
 To chiefs of vig'rous youth, and manly race!
 I trusted in the Gods, and you, to see
 Brave Greece victorious, and her navy free;
 Ah no—the glorious combate you disclaim,
 And one black day clouds all our former fame.
 Heav'ns! what a prodigy these eyes survey,
 Unseen, unthought, till this amazing day!
 Fly we at length from Troy's oft conquer'd bands?
 And falls our fleet by such inglorious hands?
 A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train,
 Not born to glories of the dusty plain;
 Like frighted fawns from hill to hill pursu'd,
 A prey to ev'ry savage of the wood:
 Shall these, so late, who trembled at your name,
 Invade your camps, involve your ships in flame?

A change so shameful, say, what cause has wrought?

The soldiers baseness, or the general's fault?

Fools! will ye perish for your leaders vice?

The purchase infamy, and life the price!

'Tis not your cause, Achilles' injur'd fame:

Another's is the crime, but your's the shame.

Grant that our chief offend thro' rage or lust,

Must you be cowards, if our king's unjust?

Prevent this evil, and your country save:

Small thought retrieves the spirits of the brave.

Think, and subdue! on dastards dead to fame

I waste no anger, for they feel no shame:

But you, the pride, the flow'r of all our host,

My heart weeps blood to see your glory lost!

Nor deem this day, this battle, all you lose;

A day more black, a fate more vile ensues.

Let each reflect, who prizes fame or breath,

On endless infamy, on instant death.

For lo! the fated time, th' appointed shore;

Hark! the gates burst, the brazen barriers roar!

Impetuous Hector thunders at the wall;

The hour, the spot, to conquer, or to fall.

These words the Grecians fainting hearts inspire,

And list'ning armies catch the god-like fire.

Fix'd at his post was each bold Ajax found,

With well-rang'd squadrons strongly circled round:

So close their order, so dispos'd their fight,

As Pallas' self might view with fixt delight;

Or had the God of war inclin'd his eyes,

The God of war had own'd a just surprize.

A chosen phalanx, firm, resolv'd as fate,
 Descending Hector and his battle wait.
 An iron scene gleams dreadful o'er the fields;
 Armour in armour lock'd, and shields in shields,
 Spears lean on spears, on targets targets throng,
 Helms stuck to helms, and man drove man along.
 The floating plumes unnumber'd wave above,
 As when an earthquake stirs the nodding grove;
 And levell'd at the skies with pointing rays,
 Their brandish'd lances at each motion blaze.

Thus breathing death, in terrible array,
 The close-compacted legions urg'd their way:
 Fierce they drove on, impatient to destroy;
 Troy charg'd the first, and Hector first of Troy:
 As from some mountain's craggy forehead torn,
 A rock's round fragment flies, with fury born,
 (Which from the stubborn stone a torrent rends)
 Precipitate the pond'rous mass descends:
 From steep to steep the rolling ruin bounds;
 At ev'ry shock the crackling wood resounds;
 Still gath'ring force, it smokes; and, urg'd amain,
 Whirls, leaps, and thunders down, impetuous to the plain:
 There stops—So Hector. Their whole force he prov'd,
 Resistless when he rag'd, and when he stopt, unmov'd.

On him the war is bent, the darts are shed,
 And all their faulchions wave around his head:
 Repuls'd he stands, nor from his stand retires;
 But with repeated shouts his army fires.
 Trojans! be firm: this arm shall make your way
 Through yon' square body, and that black array:

Stand, and my spear shall rout their scatt'ring pow'r,
 Strong as they seem, embattel'd like a tow'r.
 For he that Juno's heav'nly bosom warms,
 The first of gods, this day inspires our arms.

He said, and rouz'd the soul in ev'ry breast;
 Urg'd with desire of fame, beyond the rest,
 Forth march'd Deiphobus; but marching, held
 Before his wary steps, his ample shield.
 Bold Merion aim'd a stroke, nor aim'd it wide,
 The glitt'ring jav'lin pierc'd the tough bull-hide;
 But pierc'd not through: unfaithful to his hand,
 The point broke short, and sparkled in the sand.
 The Trojan warrior, touch'd with timely fear,
 On the rais'd orb to distance bore the spear:
 The Greek retreating mourn'd his frustrate blow,
 And curs'd the treach'rous lance that spar'd a foe;
 Then to the ships with surly speed he went,
 To seek a surer jav'lin in his tent.

Meanwhile with rising rage the battle glows,
 The tumult thickens, and the clamour grows.
 By Teucer's arm the warlike Imbrius bleeds,
 The son of Mentor rich in gen'rous steeds.
 Ere yet to Troy the sons of Greece were led,
 In fair Pedaeus' verdant pastures bred,
 The youth had dwelt; remote from war's alarms,
 And bless'd in bright Medesicaste's arms:
 (This nymph, the fruit of Priam's ravish'd joy,
 Ally'd the warrior to the house of Troy.)
 To Troy, when glory call'd his arms, he came,
 And match'd the bravest of her chiefs in fame:

With Priam's sons, a guardian of the throne,
 He liv'd, belov'd and honour'd as his own.
 Him Teucer pierc'd between the throat and ear:
 He groans beneath the Telamonian spear.
 As from some far seen mountain's airy crown,
 Subdu'd by steel, a tall ash tumbles down,
 And soils its verdant tresses on the ground:
 So falls the youth; his arms the fall resound.
 Then Teucer rushing to despoil the dead,
 From Hector's hand a shining jav'lin fled:
 He saw, and shun'd the death: the forceful dart
 Sung on, and pierc'd Amphinachus his heart,
 Cteatus' son, of Neptune's boasted line;
 Vain was his courage, and his race divine!
 Prostrate he falls; his clanging arms resound,
 And his broad buckler thunders on the ground.
 To seize his beamy helm the victor flies,
 And just had fast'ned on the dazzling prize.
 When Ajax' manly arm a jav'lin flung;
 Full on the shield's round boss the weapon rung;
 He felt the shock, nor more was doom'd to feel
 Secure in mail, and sheath'd in shining steel.
 Repuls'd he yields; the victor Greeks obtain
 The spoils contested, and bear off the slain.
 Between the leaders of th' Athenian line,
 (Stichius the brave, Menestheus the divine,)
 Deplor'd Amphinachus, sad object! lies;
 Imbrius remains the fierce Ajaces' prize.
 As two grim lions bear across the lawn,
 Snatch'd from devouring hounds, a slaughter'd fawn,

In their fell jaws high lifting through the wood,
 And sprinkling all the shrubs with drops of blood;
 So these the chief: great Ajax from the dead
 Strips his bright arms, Oileus lops his head:
 Toss'd like a ball, and whirl'd in air away,
 At Hector's feet the goary visage lay.

The God of ocean fix'd with stern disdain,
 And pierc'd with sorrow for his grandson slain,
 Inspires the Grecian hearts, confirms their hands,
 And breathes destruction on the Trojan bands,
 Swift as a whirlwind rushing to the fleet,
 He finds the lance-fam'd Idomen of Crete.
 His pensive brow the gen'rous care exprest
 With which a wounded soldier touch'd his breast,
 Whom in the chance of war a jav'lin tore,
 And his sad comrades from the battle bore;
 Him to the surgeons of the camp he sent;
 That office paid, he issu'd from his tent,
 Fierce for the fight: to him the God begun,
 In Thoas' voice, Andraemon's valiant son,
 Who rul'd where Calydon's white rocks arise,
 And Pleuron's chalky cliffs emblaze the skies.

Where's now th' imperious vaunt, the daring boast
 Of Greece victorious, and proud Iliou lost?

To whom the king. On Greece no blame be thrown,
 Arms are her trade, and war is all her own.
 Her hardy heroes from the well-fought plains
 Nor fear with-holds, nor shameful sloth detains.
 'Tis heav'n, alas! and Jove's all pow'rful doom,
 That far, far distant from our native home,

Wills us to fall, inglorious! Oh my friend!
 Once foremost in the fight, still prone to lend
 Or arms, or counsels; now perform thy best,
 And what thou canst not singly, urge the rest.

Thus he; and thus the god, whose force can make
 The solid globe's eternal basis shake.

Ah! never may he see his native land,
 But feed the vultures on this hateful strand,
 Who seeks ignobly in his ships to stay,
 Nor dares to combat on this signal day!
 For this, behold! in horrid arms I shine,
 And urge thy soul to rival acts with mine;
 Together let us battle on the plain;
 Two, not the worst; nor ev'n this succour vain:
 Not vain the weakest, if their force unite;
 But ours, the bravest have confest in fight.

This said, he rushes where the combat burns:
 Swift to his tent the Cretan king returns.
 From thence, two jav'lines glitt'ring in his hand,
 And clad in arms that lighten'd all the strand,
 Fierce on the foe th' impetuous hero drove;
 Like lightning bursting from the arm of Jove,
 Which to pale man the wrath of heav'n declares,
 Or terrifies th' offending world with wars;
 In streamy sparkles, kindling all the skies,
 From pole to pole the trail of glory flies.
 Thus his bright armour o'er the dazzled throng
 Gleam'd dreadful, as the monarch flash'd along.

Him, near his tent, Meriones attends;
 Whom thus he questions: Ever best of friends!

O say, in ev'ry art of battle skill'd,
 What holds thy courage from so brave a field?
 On some important message art thou bound,
 Or bleeds my friend by some unhappy wound?
 Inglorious here, my soul abhors to stay,
 And glows with prospects of th' approaching day.

O prince! Meriones replies, whose care
 Leads forth th' embattel'd sons of Crete to war;
 This speaks my grief; this headless lance I wield;
 The rest lies rooted in a Trojan shield.

To whom the Cretan: Enter, and receive
 The wanted weapons; those my tent can give;
 Spears I have store; (and Trojan lances all,)
 That shed a lustre round th' illumin'd wall.
 Though I, disdainful of the distant war,
 Nor trust the dart, or aim th' uncertain spear,
 Yet hand to hand I fight, and spoil the slain;
 And thence these trophies, and these arms I gain.
 Enter, and see on heaps the helmets roll'd,
 And high-hung spears, and shields that flame with gold.

Nor vain, said Merion, are our martial toils;
 We too can boast of no ignoble spoils.
 But those my ship contains, whence distant far,
 I fight conspicuous in the van of war.
 What need I more? If any Greek there be
 Who knows not Merion, I appeal to thee.

To this, Idomeneus. The fields of fight
 Have prov'd thy valour, and unconquer'd might;
 And were some ambush for the foes design'd,
 Ev'n there thy courage would not lag behind.

In that sharp service, singled from the rest,
 The fear of each, or valour, stands confest;
 No force, nor firmness, the pale coward shews;
 He shifts his place; his colour comes and goes;
 A dropping sweat creeps cold on ev'ry part;
 Against his bosom beats his quiv'ring heart;
 Terror and death in his wide eye-balls stare;
 With chatt'ring teeth he stands, and stiff'ning hair,
 And looks a bloodless image of despair!
 Not so the brave—still dauntless, still the same,
 Unchang'd his colour, and unmov'd his frame;
 Compos'd his thought, determin'd is his eye,
 And fix'd his soul, to conquer or to die:
 If ought disturb the tenour of his breast,
 'Tis but the wish to strike before the rest.

In such essays thy blameless worth is known,
 And ev'ry art of dang'rous war thy own.
 By chance of fight whatever wounds you bore,
 Those wounds were glorious all, and all before;
 Such as may teach, 'twas still thy brave delight
 T' oppose thy bosom where the foremost fight.
 But why, like infants, cold to honour's charms,
 Stand we to talk, when glory calls to arms?
 Go—from my conquer'd spears, the choicest take,
 And to their owners send them nobly back.

Swift as the word bold Merion snatch'd a spear,
 And breathing slaughter follow'd to the war.
 So Mars armipotent invades the plain,
 (The wide destroyer of the race of man)
 Terror, his best lov'd son, attends his course,
 Arm'd with stern boldness, and enormous force;

The pride of haughty warriors to confound,
 And lay the strength of tyrants on the ground :
 From Thrace they fly, call'd to the dire alarms
 Of warring Phleggyans, and Ephyrian arms ;
 Invok'd by both, relentless they dispose
 To these glad conquest, murd'rous rout to those.
 So march the leaders of the Cretan train,
 And their bright arms shot horror o'er the plain.

Then first spake Merion : Shall we join the right,
 Or combat in the centre of the fight ?
 Or to the left our wanted succour lend ?
 Hazard and fame all parts alike attend.
 Not in the centre, Idomen reply'd,
 Our ablest chieftains the main battle guide ;
 Each god-like Ajax makes that post his care,
 And gallant Teucer deals destruction there :
 Skill'd, or with shafts to gall the distant field,
 Or bear close battle on the sounding shield.
 These can the rage of haughty Hector tame :
 Safe in their arms, the navy fears no flame ;
 'Till Jove himself descends, his bolts to shed,
 And hurl the brazen ruin at our head !
 Great must he be, of more than human birth,
 Nor feed like mortals on the fruits of earth,
 Him neither rocks can crush, nor steel can wound,
 Whom Ajax fells not on th' ensanguin'd ground.
 In standing fight he mates Achilles' force,
 Excell'd alone in swiftness in the course.
 Then to the left our ready arms apply,
 And live with glory, or with glory die.

He said; and Merion to th' appointed place,
 Fierce as the god of battles, urg'd his pace.
 Soon as the foe the shining chiefs beheld
 Rush like a fiery torrent o'er the field,
 Their force embody'd in a tide they pour;
 The rising combate sounds along the shore.
 As warring winds, in Sirius' sultry reign,
 From diff'rent quarters sweep the sandy plain;
 On ev'ry side the dusty whirlwinds rise,
 And the dry fields are lifted to the skies:
 Thus by despair, hope, rage, together driv'n,
 Met the black hosts, and meeting, darken'd heav'n.
 All dreadful glar'd the iron face of war,
 Bristled with upright spears, that flash'd afar;
 Dire was the gleam, of breast-plates, helms and shields,
 And polish'd arms emblaz'd the flaming fields:
 Tremendous scene! that gen'ral horror gave,
 But touch'd with joy the bosoms of the brave.

Saturn's great sons in fierce contention vy'd,
 And crouds of heroes in their anger dy'd.
 The fire of earth and heav'n, by Theis won
 To crown with glory Peleus' god-like son,
 Will'd not destruction to the Grecian pow'rs,
 But spar'd a while the destin'd Trojan tow'rs:
 While Neptune rising from his azure main,
 Warr'd on the king of heav'n with stern disdain,
 And breath'd revenge, and fir'd the Grecian train,
 Gods of one source, of one ethereal race,
 Alike divine, and heav'n their native place;
 But Jove the greater; first-born of the skies,
 And more than men, or gods, supremely wise.

For this, of Jove's superior might afraid,
 Neptune in human form conceal'd his aid.
 These pow'rs infold the Greek and Trojan train
 In war and discord's adamantinè chain;
 Indissolubly strong, the fatal tie
 Is stretch'd on both, and close compell'd they die.

Dreadful in arms, and grown in combats grey,
 The bold Idomeneus controuls the day.
 First by his hand Othryoneus was slain,
 Swell'd with false hopes, with mad ambition vain!
 Call'd by the voice of war to martial fame,
 From high Cadesus' distant walls he came;
 Cassandra's love he fought, with boasts of pow'r,
 And promis'd conquest was the proffer'd dow'r.
 The king consented, by his vaunts abus'd;
 The king consented, but the fates refus'd.
 Proud of himself, and of th' imagin'd bride,
 The field he measur'd with a larger stride.
 Him, as he stalk'd, the Cretan jav'lin found:
 Vain was his breast-plate to repel the wound:
 His dream of glory lost, he plung'd to hell;
 His arms resounded as the boaster fell.

The great Idomeneus bestrides the dead;
 And thus, he cries, Behold thy promise sped!
 Such is thy help thy arms to Ilión bring,
 And such the contract of the Phrygian king!
 Our offers now, illustrious prince! receive;
 For such an aid what will not Argos give?
 To conquer Troy, with ours thy forces join,
 And count Atreides' fairest daughter thine.

Meantime, on farther methods to advise,
Come, follow to the fleet thy new allies;
There hear what Greece has on her part to say.
He spoke, and dragg'd the goary corse away.

This Asius view'd, unable to contain,
Before his chariot warring on the plain;
(His valu'd coursers, to his squire consign'd,
Impatient panted on his neck behind)
To vengeance rising with a sudden spring,
He hop'd the conquest of the Cretan king.
The wary Cretan, as his foe drew near,
Full on his throat discharg'd the forceful spear:
Beneath the chin the point was seen to glide,
And glitter'd, extant at the farther side.
As when the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
Or pine, fit mast for some great admiral,
Groans to the oft-heav'd ax, with many a wound,
Then spreads a length of ruin o'er the ground:
So sunk proud Asius in that dreadful day,
And stretch'd before his much-lov'd coursers lay.
He grinds the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
And, fierce in death, lies foaming on the shore.
Depriv'd of motion, stiff with stupid fear,
Stands all aghast his trembling charioteer.
Nor shuns the foe, nor turns the steeds away,
But falls transfix'd, an unresisting prey.
Pierc'd by Antilochus, he pants beneath
The stately car, and labours out his breath.
Thus Asius' steeds (their mighty master gone)
Remain the prize of Nestor's youthful son,

Slabb'd at the sight, Deiphobus drew nigh,
 And made, with force, the vengeful weapon fly.
 The Cretan saw; and stooping, caus'd to glance
 From his slope shield, the disappointed lance.
 Beneath the spacious targe (a blazing round,
 Thick with bull hides, and brazen orbits bound,
 On his rais'd arm by two strong braces stay'd)
 He lay collected in defensive shade,
 O'er his safe head the jav'lin idly sung,
 And on the tinkling verge more faintly rung.
 Ev'n then, the spear the vig'rous arm confest,
 And pierc'd, obliquely, king Hypsenor's breast:
 Warm'd in his liver, to the ground it bore
 The chief, the people's guardian now no more!

Not unattended, the proud Trojan cries,
 Nor unreveng'd, lamented Asius lies:
 For thee, though hell's black portals stand display'd,
 This mate shall joy thy melancholy shade.

Heart-piercing anguish, at the haughty boast,
 Touch'd ev'ry Greek, but Nestor's son the most.
 Griev'd as he was, his pious arms attend,
 And his broad buckler shields his slaughter'd friend;
 Till sad Mecistheus and Alastor bore
 His honour'd body to the tented shore.

Nor yet from fight Idomeneus withdraws;
 Resolv'd to perish in his country's cause,
 Or find some foe, whom heav'n and he shall doom
 To wail his fate in death's eternal gloom.
 He sees Alcathous in the front aspire;
 Great Æsyetes was the hero's fire;

His spouse Hippodame, divinely fair,
 Anchises' eldest hope, and darling care;
 Who charm'd her parent's and her husband's heart,
 With beauty, sense, and ev'ry work of art:
 He once, of Ilion's youth, the loveliest boy,
 The fairest she, of all the fair of Troy.
 By Neptune now the hapless hero dies,
 Who covers with a cloud those beauteous eyes,
 And fetters ev'ry limb: yet bent to meet
 His fate he stands; nor shuns the lance of Crete.
 Fix'd as some column, or deep-rooted oak,
 (While the winds sleep) his breast receiv'd the stroke.
 Before the pond'rous stroke his corselet yields,
 Long us'd to ward the death in fighting fields.
 The riven armour sends a jarring sound;
 His lab'ring heart heaves with so strong a bound,
 The long lance shakes, and vibrates in the wound;
 Fast, flowing from its source, as prone he lay,
 Life's purple tide impetuous gush'd away.

Then Idomen, insulting o'er the slain;
 Behold Deiphobus! nor vaunt in vain;
 See! on one Greek three Trojan ghosts attend,
 This, my third victim, to the shades I send.
 Approaching now, thy boasted might approve,
 And try the prowess of the seed of Jove.
 From Jove, enamour'd on a mortal dame,
 Great Minos, guardian of his country, came:
 Deucalion, blameless prince! was Minos' heir;
 His first-born I, the third from Jupiter;
 O'er spacious Crete, and her bold sons I reign,
 And thence my ships transport me through the main;

Lord of a host, o'er all my host I shine,
A scourge to thee, thy father, and thy line.

The Trojan heard; uncertain, or to meet
Alone, with vent'rous arms, the king of Crete;
Or seek auxiliar force; at length decreed
To call some hero to partake the deed.
Forthwith Æneas rises to his thought;
For him, in Troy's remotest lines, he fought,
Where he, incens'd at partial Priam, stands,
And sees superior posts in meaner hands.
To him, ambitious of so great an aid,
The bold Deiphobus approach'd, and said:

Now, Trojan prince, employ thy pious arms,
If e'er thy bosom felt fair honour's charms.
Alcathous dies, thy brother and thy friend;
Come and the warrior's lov'd remains defend.
Beneath his cares thy early youth was train'd,
One table fed you, and one roof contain'd.
This deed to fierce Idomeneus we owe;
Haste, and revenge it on th' insulting foe.

Æneas heard, and for a space resign'd
To tender pity all his manly mind;
Then rising in his rage, he burns to fight:
The Greek awaits him, with collected might.
As the fell boar on some rough mountain's head,
Arm'd with wild terrors, and to slaughter bred,
When the loud rustics rise, and shout from far,
Attends the tumult, and expects the war;
O'er his bent back the bristly horrors rise,
Fires stream in lightning from his sanguine eyes,

His foaming tusks both dogs and men engage,
 But most his hunters rouse his mighty rage.
 So stood Idomeneus, his jav'lin shook,
 And met the Trojan with a low'ring look.
 Antilochus, Deipyrus were near,
 The youthful offspring of the God of war,
 Merion, and Aphareus, in field renown'd;
 To these the warrior sent his voice around.
 Fellows in arms! your timely aid unite;
 Lo, great Æneas rushes to the fight:
 Sprung from a god, and more than mortal bold;
 He fresh in youth, and I in arms grown old.
 Else should this hand, this hour, decide the strife,
 The great dispute, of glory, or of life.

He spoke, and all as with one soul obey'd;
 Their lifted bucklers cast a dreadful shade
 Around the chief. Æneas too demands
 Th' assisting forces of his native bands:
 Paris, Deiphobus, Agenor join;
 (Co-aids and captains of the Trojan line)
 In order follow all th' embody'd train;
 Like Ida's flocks proceeding o'er the plain;
 Before his fleecy care, erect and bold,
 Stalks the proud ram, the father of the fold;
 With joy the swain surveys them, as he leads
 To the cool fountains, through the well-known meads.
 So joys Æneas, as his native band
 Moves on in rank, and stretches o'er the land.

Round dead Alcathous now the battle rose;
 On ev'ry side the steely circle grows;

Now batter'd breast-plates and hack'd helmets ring,
 And o'er their heads unheeded jav'lins sing.
 Above the rest, two tow'ring chiefs appear,
 There great Idomeneus, Æneas here.

Like gods of war, dispensing fate, they stood,
 And burn'd to drench the ground with mutual blood.

The Trojan weapon whizz'd along in air,
 The Cretan saw, and shunn'd the brazen spear:

Sent from an arm so strong, the missive wood
 Stuck deep in earth, and quiver'd where it stood.

But Oenomas receiv'd the Cretan's stroke,
 The forceful spear his hollow cors'let broke,

It ripp'd his belly with a ghastly wound,
 And roll'd the smoking entrails to the ground.

Stretch'd on the plain, he sobs away his breath,
 And furious grasps the bloody dust in death.

The victor from his breast the weapon tears;

His spoils he could not, for the show'r of spears.)

Though now unfit an active war to wage,

Heavy with cumb'rous arms, stiff with cold age,

His little's limbs unable for the course;

In standing fight he yet maintains his force:

Till faint with labour, and by foes repell'd,

His tir'd, slow steps, he drags from off the field.

Deiphobus beheld him as he past,

And, fir'd with hate, a parting jav'lin cast:

The jav'lin err'd, but held its course along,

And pierc'd Ascalaphus, the brave and young:

The son of Mars fell gasping on the ground,

And gnash'd the dust all bloody with his wound.

Nor knew the furious father of his fall ;
 High thron'd amidst the great Olympian hall,
 On golden clouds th' immortal synod sate ;
 Detain'd from bloody war by Jove and Fate.

Now, where in dust the breathless hero lay,
 For slain Ascalaphus commenc'd the fray.
 Deiphobus to seize his helmet flies,
 And from his temples rends the glitt'ring prize ;
 Valiant as Mars, Meriones drew near,
 And on his loaded arm discharg'd his spear ;
 He drops the weight, disabled with the pain ;
 The hollow helmet rings against the plain.
 Swift as a vulture leaping on his prey,
 From his torn arm the Grecian rent away
 The reeking jav'lin, and rejoin'd his friends.
 His wounded brother good Polites tends ;
 Around his waist his pious arms he threw,
 And from the rage of combat gently drew ;
 Him his swift coursers, on his splendid car
 Rapt from the less'ning thunder of the war ;
 To Troy they drove him, groaning from the shore,
 And sprinkling, as he past, the sands with gore.

Meanwhile fresh slaughter bathes the sanguine ground,
 Heaps fall on heaps, and heav'n and earth resound.
 Bold Aphareus by great Æneas bled ;
 As tow'rd the chief he turn'd his daring head,
 He pierc'd his throat ; the bending head, deprest
 Beneath his helmet, nods upon his breast ;
 His shield revers'd o'er the fall'n warrior lies ;
 And everlasting slumber seals his eyes.

Antilochus, as Thoon turn'd him round,
 Transpierc'd his back with a dishonest wound:
 The hollow vein that to the neck extends
 Along the chine, his eager jav'lin rends:
 Oppine he falls, and to his social train
 Spreads his imploring arms, but spreads in vain.
 Th' exulting victor leaping where he lay,
 From his broad shoulders tore the spoils away;
 His time observ'd; for clos'd by foes around,
 On all sides thick, the peals of arms resound.
 His shield emboss'd, the ringing storm sustains,
 But he impervious and untouch'd remains.
 (Great Neptune's care preserv'd from hostile rage
 This youth, the joy of Nestor's glorious age)
 In arms intrepid, with the first he fought,
 Fac'd ev'ry foe, and ev'ry danger sought;
 His winged lance, resistless as the wind,
 Obeys each motion of the master's mind,
 Restless it flies, impatient to be free,
 And meditates the distant enemy.
 The son of Asius, Adamas drew near,
 And struck his target with the brazen spear,
 Pierce in his front: but Neptune wards the blow,
 And blunts the jav'lin of th' eluded foe.
 In the broad buckler half the weapon stood;
 Splinter'd on earth flew half the broken wood.
 Disarm'd, he mingled in the Trojan crew;
 But Merion's spear o'ertook him as he flew,
 Deep in the belly's rim an entrance found,
 Where sharp the pang, and mortal is the wound.
 Landing he fell, and doubled to the ground,

Lay panting. Thus an ox, in fetters ty'd,
 While death's strong pangs distend his lab'ring side,
 His bulk enormous on the field displays;
 His heaving heart beats thick, as ebbing life decays.
 The spear, the conqueror from his body drew,
 And death's dim shadows swam before his view.
 Next brave Deipyrus in dust was laid;
 King Helenus wav'd high the Thracian blade,
 And smote his temples, with an arm so strong,
 The helm fell off, and roll'd amid the throng:
 There, for some luckier Greek it rests a prize,
 For dark in death the god-like owner lies!
 With raging grief great Menelaus burns,
 And fraught with vengeance, to the victor turns;
 That shook the pond'rous lance, in act to throw,
 And this stood adverse with the bended bow:
 Full on his breast the Trojan arrow fell,
 But harmless bounded from the plated steel.
 As on some ample barn's well harden'd floor,
 (The winds collected at each open door)
 While the broad fan with force is whirl'd around,
 Light leaps the golden grain, resulting from the ground:
 So from the steel that guards Atrides' heart,
 Repell'd to distance flies the bounding dart.
 Atrides, watchful of th' unwary foe,
 Pierc'd with his lance the hand that grasp'd the bow,
 And nail'd it to the yew: the wounded hand
 Trail'd the long lance that mark'd with blood the sand;
 But good Agenor gently from the wound
 The spear solicits, and the bandage bound;

A sling's soft wool, snatch'd from a soldier's side,
At once the tent and ligature supply'd.

Behold! Pisander, urg'd by fate's decree,
Springs through the ranks to fall, and fall by thee,
Great Menelaus! to enhance thy fame;
High-tow'ring in the front, the warrior came,
First the sharp lance was by Atrides thrown;
The lance far distant by the winds was blown.
Nor pierc'd Pisander through Atrides' shield:
Pisander's spear fell shiver'd on the field.
Not so discourag'd, to the future blind,
Vain dreams of conquest swell his haughty mind;
Dauntless he rushes where the Spartan lord
Like lightning brandish'd his far-beaming sword.
His left-arm high oppos'd the shining shield:
His right, beneath the cover'd pole-ax held;
(An olive's cloudy grain the handle made,
Distinct with studs; and brazen was the blade)
This on the helm discharg'd a noble blow;
The plume dropp'd nodding to the plain below,
Shorn from the crest. Atrides wav'd his steel:
Deep through his front the weighty falchion fell.
The crashing bones before its force gave way;
In dust and blood the groaning hero lay;
Forc'd from their ghastly orbs, and spouting gore,
The clotted eye-balls tumble on the shore.
The fierce Atrides spurn'd him as he bled,
Tore off his arms, and loud exulting, said.

Thus, Trojans, thus, at length be taught to fear;
O race perfidious, who delight in war?

Already noble deeds ye have perform'd,
 A princeſs rap'd transcends a navy ſtorm'd :
 In ſuch bold feats your impious might approve,
 Without th' aſſiſtance, or the fear of Jove.
 The violated rites, the raviſh'd dame,
 Our heroes ſlaughter'd, and our ſhips on flame;
 Crimes heap'd on crimes, ſhall bend your glory down,
 And whelm in ruins yon' flagitious town.
 O thou, great Father! Lord of earth and ſkies;
 Above the thought of man, ſupremely wiſe!
 If from thy hand the feats of mortals flow,
 From whence this favour to an impious foe?
 A godleſs crew, abandon'd and unjuſt,
 Still breathing rapine, violence, and luſt!
 The beſt of things, beyond their meaſure, cloy;
 Sleep's balmy bleſſing, love's endearing joy;
 The feaſt, the dance; whate'er mankind deſire,
 Ev'n the ſweet charms of ſacred numbers tire.
 But Troy for ever reaps a dire delight
 In thiſt of ſlaughter, and in luſt of fight.

This ſaid, he ſeiz'd (while yet the carcaſs heav'd)
 The bloody armour, which his train receiv'd :
 Then ſudden mix'd among the warring crew,
 And the bold ſon of Pylaemenes ſlew.
 Harpalion had through Aſia travell'd far,
 Following his martial father to the war :
 Through filial love he left his native ſhore,
 Never, ah never, to behold it more!
 His unſucceſſful ſpear he chanc'd to fling
 Againſt the target of the Spartan king;

Thus of his lance disarm'd, from death he flies,
 And turns around his apprehensive eyes.
 Him, through the hip transpiercing as he fled,
 The shaft of Merlon mingled with the dead.
 Beneath the bone the glancing point descends,
 And driving down, the swelling bladder rends;
 Sunk in his sad companions arms he lay,
 And in short pantings sobb'd his soul away;
 (Like some vile worm extended on the ground)
 While life's red torrent gush'd from out the wound.

Him on his car the Paphlagonian train
 In slow procession bore from off the plain.
 The pensive father, father now more!
 Attends the mournful pomp along the shore,
 And unavailing tears profusely shed,
 And unreveng'd, deplor'd his offspring dead.

Paris from far the moving sight beheld,
 With pity soften'd, and with fury swell'd:
 His honour'd host, a youth of matchless grace,
 And lov'd of all the Paphlagonian race!
 With his full strength he bent his angry bow,
 And wing'd the feather'd vengeance at the foe.
 A chief there was, the brave Euchenor nam'd,
 For riches much, and more for virtue fam'd,
 Who held his seat in Corinth's stately town;
 Polydus' son, a peer of old renown.
 Oft' had the father told his early doom,
 By arms abroad, or slow disease at home:
 He climb'd his vessel, prodigal of breath,
 And chose the certain, glorious path to death.

Beneath his ear the pointed arrow went ;
 The soul came issuing at the narrow vent :
 His limbs, unnerv'd, drop useleſs on the ground,
 And everlaſting darkneſs ſhades him round.

Nor knew great Hector how his legions yield,
 (Wrapt in the cloud and tumult of the field)
 Wide on the left the force of Greece commands,
 And conqueſt hovers o'er th' Achaian bands:
 With ſuch a tide ſuperior virtue ſway'd,
 And he that ſhakes the ſolid earth, gave aid.
 But in the center Hector fix'd remain'd,
 Where firſt the gates were forc'd, and bulwarks gain'd;
 There, on the margin of the hoary deep,
 (Their naval ſtation where th' Ajaces keep,
 And where low walls confine the beating tides,
 Whoſe humble barrier ſcarce the foes divides ;
 Where late in fight, both foot and horſe engag'd,
 And all the thunder of the battle rag'd)
 There join'd, the whole Boeotian ſtrength remains,
 The proud Ionians with their ſweeping trains,
 Locrians and Phthians, and th' Epean force ;
 But join'd repel not Hector's fiery courſe.
 The ſlow'r of Athens, Stichius, Phidas led,
 Bias, and great Menestheus at their head.
 Meges the ſtrong th' Epeian bands controul'd,
 And Dracius prudent, and Amphion bold ;
 The Phthians Medon, fam'd for martial might,
 And brave Podarces, active in the fight.
 This drew from Phylacus his noble line ;
 Iphiclus' ſon : and that, Oileus, thine :

(Young Ajax' brother, by a stol'n embrace;
 He dwelt far distant from his native place,
 By his fierce stepdame from his father's reign
 Expell'd and exil'd, for her brother slain.)
 These rule the Phthians, and their arms employ
 Mixt with Boeotians, on the shores of Troy.
 Now side by side, with like unweary'd care,
 Each Ajax labour'd through the field of war.
 So when two lordly bulls, with equal toil,
 Force the bright plowshare through the fallow soil,
 Join'd to one yoke, the stubborn earth they tear,
 And trace large furrows with the shining share;
 O'er their huge limbs the foam descends in snow,
 And streams of sweat down their four foreheads flow,
 A train of heroes follow'd through the field,
 Who bore by turns great Ajax' sev'nfold shield;
 Whene'er he breath'd, remissive of his might,
 Tir'd with th' incessant slaughters of the fight:
 No following troops his brave associate grace,
 In close engagement an unpractis'd race,
 The Locrian squadrons nor the jav'lin wield,
 Nor bear the helm, nor lift the moony shield;
 But skill'd from far the flying shaft to wing,
 Or whirl the sounding pebble from the sling,
 Dext'rous with these they aim a certain wound,
 Or fell the distant warrior to the ground.
 Thus in the van, the Telamonian train
 Throng'd in bright arms, a pressing fight maintain;
 Far in the rear the Locrian archers lie,
 Whose stones and arrows intercept the sky.

The mingled tempest on the foes they pour;
Troy's scatt'ring orders open to the show'r.

Now had the Greeks eternal fame acquir'd,
And the gall'd Ilians to their walls retir'd;
But sage Polydamas, discreetly brave,
Address'd great Hector, and this counsel gave.

Though great in all, thou seem'st averſe to lend
Impartial audience to a faithful friend;
To gods and men thy matchleſs worth is known,
And ev'ry art of glorious war thy own;
But in cool thought and counſel to excel,
How widely differs this from warring well!
Content with what the bounteous gods have giv'n,
Seek not alone t' engroſs the gifts of heav'n.
To ſome the pow'rs of bloody war belong,
To ſome, ſweet muſic, and the charm of ſong;
To few, and wond'rous few, has Jove aſſign'd
A wiſe, extenſive, all-confid'ring mind;
Their guardians theſe, the nations round confeſs,
And towns and empires for their ſafety bleſs.
If heav'n have lodg'd this virtue in my breaſt,
Attend, O Hector, what I judge the beſt.
See, as thou mov'ſt, on dangers dangers ſpread,
And war's whole fury burns around thy head.
Behold! diſtreſs'd within yon' hostile wall,
How many Trojans yield, diſperſe, or fall!
What troops, out-number'd, ſcarce the war maintain!
And what brave heroes at the ſhips lie ſlain!
Hear ceaſe thy fury; and the chiefs and kings
Convok'd to council, weigh the ſum of things,

Whether (the gods succeeding our desires)
 To yon' tall ships to bear the Trojan fires;
 Or quit the fleet, and pass unhurt away,
 Contented with the conquest of the day.
 I fear, I fear, lest Greece, not yet undone,
 Pay the large debt of last revolving sun;
 Achilles, great Achilles, yet remains
 On yonder decks, and yet o'erlooks the plains!

The counsel pleas'd; and Hector, with a bound,
 Leap'd from his chariot on the trembling ground;
 Swift as he leap'd, his clanging arms resound. }
 To guard this post, he cry'd, thy art employ,
 And here detain the scatter'd youth of Troy;
 Where yonder heroes faint, I bend my way,
 And hasten back to end the doubtful day.

This said, the tow'ring chief prepares to go,
 Shakes his white plumes, that to the breezes flow, }
 And seems a moving mountain topt with snow.
 Through all his host, inspiring force, he flies,
 And bids anew the martial thunder rise.
 To Panthus' son, at Hector's high command,
 Haste the bold leaders of the Trojan band:
 But round the battlements, and round the plain,
 For many a chief he look'd, but look'd in vain;
 Deiphobus, nor Helenus the seer,
 Nor Asius' son, nor Asius self appear.
 For these were pierc'd with many a ghastly wound,
 Some cold in death, some groaning on the ground;
 Some low in dust, a mournful object, lay,
 High on the wall some breath'd their souls away.

Far on the left, amid the throng he found
 (Cheering the troops, and dealing deaths around)
 The graceful Paris; whom, with fury mov'd,
 Opprobrious, thus, th' impatient chief reprov'd.

Ill-fated Paris! slave to womankind,
 As smooth of face as fraudulent of mind!
 Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone?
 The godlike father, and th' intrepid son?
 The force of Helenus, dispensing fate,
 And great Orthryoneus so fear'd of late?
 Black fate hangs o'er thee from th' avenging gods,
 Imperial Troy from her foundations nods;
 Whelm'd in thy country's ruins shalt thou fall,
 And one devouring vengeance swallow all.

When Paris thus: My brother and my friend,
 Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue offend.
 In other battles I deserv'd thy blame,
 Though then not deedless, nor unknown to fame:
 But since yon' rampart by thy arms laid low,
 I scatter'd slaughter from my fatal bow.
 The chiefs you seek on yonder shore lie slain;
 Of all those heroes, two alone remain;
 Deiphobus, and Helenus the seer:
 Each now disabled by a hostile spear.
 Go then, successful, where thy soul inspires:
 This heart in hand shall second all thy fires:
 What with this arm I can, prepare to know,
 Till death for death be paid, and blow for blow,
 But 'tis not ours, with forces not our own
 To combat; strength is of the gods alone.

These words the hero's angry mind assuage:

Then fierce they mingle where the thickest rage.

Around Polydamas, distain'd with blood,

Cabrio, Phalces, stern Orthaeus stood,

Palmas, with Polypoetes the divine,

And two bold brothers of Hippotion's line:

(Who reach'd fair Ilion, from Ascania far,

The former day; the next engag'd in war.)

As when from gloomy clouds a whirlwind springs,

That bears Jove's thunder on its dreadful wings,

Wide o'er the blasted fields the tempest sweeps,

Then gather'd, settles on the hoary deeps;

Th' afflicted deeps tumultuous mix and rore;

The waves behind impel the waves before,

Wide-rolling, foaming high, and tumbling to the shore.

Thus rank on rank the thick battalions throng,

Chief urg'd on, chief; and man drove man along:

Far o'er the plains in dreadful order bright,

The brazen arms reflect a beamy light.

Fall in the blazing van great Hector shin'd,

Like Mars commission'd to confound mankind.

Before him flaming, his enormous shield,

Like the broad sun, illumin'd all the field:

His nodding helm emits a streamy ray:

His piercing eyes through all the battle stray,

And while beneath his targe he flash'd along,

Shot terrors round, that wither'd ev'n the strong:

Thus stalk'd he, dreadful; death was in his look;

Whole nations fear'd: but not an Argive shook.

The tow'ring Ajax, with an ample stride

Avanc'd the first, and thus the chief defy'd.

Hector! come on, thy empty threats forbear:
 'Tis not thy arm, 'tis thund'ring Jove we fear:
 The skill of war to us not idly giv'n,
 Lo! Greece is humbled not by Troy, but heav'n.
 Vain are the hopes that haughty mind imparts,
 To force our fleet: the Greeks have hands and hearts,
 Long ere in flames our lofty navy fall,
 Your boasted city, and your god-built wall
 Shall sink beneath us, smoaking on the ground;
 And spread a long, unmeasur'd ruin round.
 The time shall come, when chas'd along the plain
 Ev'n thou shalt call on Jove, and call in vain;
 Ev'n thou shalt wish, to aid thy desp'rate course,
 The wings of falcons for thy flying horse;
 Shalt run, forgetful of a warrior's fame,
 While clouds of friendly dust conceal thy shame.

As thus he spoke, behold, in open view,
 On sounding wings a dexter eagle flew.
 To Jove's glad omen all the Grecians rise,
 And hail, with shouts, his progress through the skies:
 Far-echoing clamours bound from side to side:
 They ceas'd; and thus the chief of Troy reply'd.

From whence this menace, this insulting strain?
 Enormous boaster! doom'd to vaunt in vain.
 So may the gods on Hector life bestow,
 (Not that short life which mortals lead below,
 But such as those of Jove's high lineage born,
 The blue-ey'd maid, or he that gilds the morn)
 As this decisive day shall end the fame
 Of Greece, and Argos be no more a name.

And thou, imperious! if thy madness wait
 The lance of Hector, thou shalt meet thy fate:
 That giant corse, extended on the shore,
 Shall largely feast the fowls with fat and gore.

He said, and like a lion stalk'd along:
 With shouts incessant earth and ocean rung,
 Sent from his foll'wing host: the Grecian train
 With answer'ing thunders fill'd th' echoing plain;
 A shout that tore heav'n's concave, and above
 Shook the fix'd splendors of the throne of Jove.

THE I L I A D.

B O O K XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Juno deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus.

NESTOR sitting at the table with Machaon, is alarm-
ed with the encreasing clamour of the war, and hastens
to Agamemnon: on his way he meets that prince with
Diomed and Ulysses, whom he informs of the extremi-
ty of the danger. Agamemnon proposes to make their
escape by night, which Ulysses withstands: to which
Diomed adds his advice, that, wounded as they were,
they should go forth and encourage the army with their
presence: which advice is pursued. Juno seeing the
partiality of Jupiter to the Trojans, forms a design to
over-reach him; she sets off her charms with the ut-
most care, and (the more surely to enchant him) ob-
tains the magic girdle of Venus. She then applies her-
self to the God of Sleep; and, with some difficulty,
persuades him to seal the eyes of Jupiter; this done,
she goes to mount Ida, where the God, at first sight, is
ravished with her beauty, sinks in her embraces, and is
laid asleep. Neptune takes advantage of his slumber,
and succours the Greeks: Hector is struck to the ground.

with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off from the battle: several actions succeed; till the Trojans, much distressed, are obliged to give way: the lesser Ajax signalizes himself in a particular manner.

BUT not the genial feast, nor flowing bowl,
 Could charm the cares of Nestor's watchful soul;
 His startled ears th' encreasing cries attend;
 Then thus, impatient, to his wounded friend.

What new alarm, divine Machaon, say,
 What mixt events attend this mighty day?
 Hark! how the shouts divide, and how they meet,
 And now come full, and thicken to the fleet!
 Here, with the cordial draught dispel thy care,
 Let Hecamede the strength'ning bath prepare.
 Refresh thy wound, and cleanse the clotted gore;
 While I th' adventures of the day explore.

He said: and seizing Thrasimedes' shield,
 (His valiant offspring) hasten'd to the field;
 (That day, the son his father's buckler bore)
 Then snatch'd a lance, and issu'd from the door.
 Soon as the prospect open'd to his view,
 His wounded eyes the scene of sorrow knew;
 Dire disarray! the tumult of the fight,
 The wall in ruins, and the Greeks in flight.
 As when old Ocean's silent surface sleeps,
 The waves just heaving on the purple deeps;
 While yet th' expected tempest hangs on high,
 Weighs down the cloud, and blackens in the sky,
 The mass of waters will no wind obey;
 Jove sends one gust, and bids them roll away.

While wav'ring counsels thus his mind engage,
 Fluctuates in doubtful thought the Pylian sage;
 To join the host, or to the gen'ral haste,
 Debating long, he fixes on the last:
 Yet, as he moves, the fight his bosom warms;
 The field rings dreadful with the clang of arms;
 The gleaming faulchions flash, the jav'lines fly;
 Blows echo blows, and aft or kill, or die.

Him, in his march, the wounded princes meet,
 By tardy steps ascending from the fleet.
 The king of men, Ulysses the divine,
 And who to Tydeus owes his noble line.
 (Their ships at distance from the battle stand,
 In lines advanc'd along the shelving strand;
 Whose bay, the fleet unable to contain
 At length, beside the margin of the main,
 Rank above rank, the crowded ships they moor;
 Who landed first, lay highest on the shore.)
 Supported on their spears, they took their way,
 Unfit to fight, but anxious for the day.
 Nestor's approach alarm'd each Grecian breast,
 Whom thus the gen'ral of the host address.

O grace and glory of th' Achaian name!
 What drives thee, Nestor, from the field of fame?
 Shall then proud Hector see his boast fulfill'd,
 Our fleets in ashes, and our heroes kill'd?
 Such was his threat, ah! now too soon made good;
 On many a Grecian bosom writ in blood.
 Is ev'ry heart inflam'd with equal rage
 Against your king, nor will one chief engage?

And have I liv'd to see with mournful eyes
In ev'ry Greek a new Achilles rise?

Gerenian Nestor then. So fate has will'd;
And all-confirming time has fate fulfill'd.
Not he that thunders from the aerial bow'r,
Not Jove himself, upon the past has pow'r.
The wall, our late inviolable bound,
And best defence, lies smoking on the ground:
Ev'n to the ships their conqu'ring arms extend,
And groans of slaughter'd Greeks to heav'n ascend,
On speedy measures then employ your thought;
In such distress, if counsel profit ought;
Arms cannot much: though Mars our souls incite;
These gaping wounds withhold us from the fight.

To him the monarch. That our army bends,
That Troy triumphant our high fleet ascends,
And that the rampart, late our surest trust,
And best defence, lies smoking in the dust:
All this from Jove's afflictive hand we bear,
Who, far from Argos, wills our ruin here.
Past are the days when happier Greece was blest,
And all his favour, all his aid confest;
Now heav'n averse, our hands from battle ties,
And lifts the Trojan glory to the skies.
Cease we at length to waste our blood in vain,
And launch what ships lie nearest to the main;
Leave these at anchor till the coming night:
Then, if impetuous Troy forbear the fight,
Bring all to sea, and hoist each sail for flight.
Better from evils, well foreseen, to run,
Than perish in the danger we may shun.

Thus he. The sage Ulysses thus replies,
While anger flash'd from his disdainful eyes,
What shameful words, unkingly as thou art,
Fall from that trembling tongue, and tim'rous heart?
Oh were thy sway the curse of meaner pow'rs,
And thou the shame of any host but ours!
A host, by Jove endu'd with martial might,
And taught to conquer, or to fall in fight:
Advent'rous combats and bold wars to wage,
Employ'd our youth, and yet employs our age.
And wilt thou thus desert the Trojan plain?
And have whole streams of blood been spilt in vain?
In such base sentence if thou couch thy fear,
Speak it in whispers, lest a Greek should hear.
Lives there a man so dead to fame, who dares
To think such meanness, or the thought declares?
And comes it ev'n from him whose sov'reign sway
The banded legions of all Greece obey?
Is this a gen'ral's voice, that calls to flight,
While war hangs doubtful, while his soldiers fight?
What more could Troy? What yet their fate denies.
Thou giv'st the foe; all Greece becomes their prize.
No more the troops, (our hoisted sails in view,
Themselves abandon'd) shall the fight pursue,
Thy ships first flying with despair shall see,
And owe destruction to a prince like thee.

Thy just reproofs, Atrides calm replies,
Like arrows pierce me, for thy words are wise.
Unwilling as I am to lose the host,
I force not Greece to quit this hateful coast.

Glad, I submit, whoe'er, or young, or old,
Ought, more conducive to our weal, unfold.

Tydidēs cut him short, and thus began.
Such counsel if you seek, behold the man
Who boldly gives it, and what he shall say,
Young though he be, disdain not to obey:
A youth, who from the mighty Tydeus springs,
May speak to councils and assembled kings.
Hear then in me the great Oenides' son,
Whose honour'd dust, his race of glory run,
Lies whelm'd in ruins of the Theban wall;
Brave in his life, and glorious in his fall.
With three bold sons was gen'rous Prothous blest,
Who Pleuron's walls and Calydon possess;
Melas and Agrius, but (who surpass
The rest in courage) Oeneus was the last.
From him, my sire. From Calydon expell'd,
He past to Argos, and in exile dwell'd;
The monarch's daughter there (so Jove ordain'd)
He won, and flourish'd where Adrastus reign'd;
There rich in fortune's gifts, his acres till'd,
Beheld his vines their liquid harvest yield,
And num'rous flocks that whiten'd all the field.
Such Tydeus was, the foremost once in fame:
Nor lives in Greece a stranger to his name.
Then, what for common good my thoughts inspire,
Attend, and in the son, respect the sire.
Though sore of battel, though with wounds oppress,
Let each go forth, and animate the rest,
Advance the glory which we cannot share,
Though not partaker, witness of the war.

But lest new wounds on wounds o'erpower us quite,
 Beyond the missive jav'lin's sounding flight,
 Safe let us stand; and from the tumult far,
 Inspire the ranks, and rule the distant war.

He added not: the list'ning kings obey,
 Slow moving on; Atrides leads the way.
 The God of Ocean, to inflame their rage,
 Appears a warrior furrow'd o'er with age;
 Prest in his own, the gen'ral's hand he took,
 And thus the venerable hero spoke.

Atrides, lo! with what disdainful eye
 Achilles sees his country's forces fly;
 Blind impious man! whose anger is his guide,
 Who glories in unutterable pride.
 So may he perish, so may Jove disclaim
 The wretch relentless, and o'erwhelm with shame!
 But heav'n forsakes not thee; o'er yonder sands
 Soon shalt thou view the scatter'd Trojan bands
 Fly diverse; while proud kings, and chiefs renown'd
 Driv'n heaps on heaps, with clouds involv'd around
 Of rolling dust, their winged wheels employ
 To hide their ignominious heads in Troy.

He spoke, then rush'd amid the warrior crew;
 And sent his voice before him as he flew,
 Loud, as the shout encount'ring armies yield,
 When twice ten thousand shake the lab'ring field;
 Such was the voice, and such the thund'ring sound
 Of him, whose trident rends the solid ground.
 Each Argive bosom beats to meet the fight,
 And grizly war appears a pleasing sight.

Meantime Saturnia from Olympus' brow,
 High-thron'd in gold, beheld the fields below;
 With joy the glorious conflict she survey'd,
 Where her great brother gave the Grecians aid.
 But plac'd aloft, on Ida's shady height,
 She sees her Jove, and trembles at the sight.
 Jove to deceive, what methods shall she try,
 What arts, to blind his all-beholding eye?
 At length she trusts her pow'r; resolv'd to prove
 ' The old, yet still successful, cheat of love;
 Against his wisdom to oppose her charms,
 And lull the Lord of thunders in her arms.
 Swift to her bright apartment she repairs,
 Sacred to dress, and beauty's pleasing cares:
 With skill divine had Vulcan form'd the bow'r,
 Safe from access of each intruding pow'r.
 Touch'd with her secret key, the doors unfold;
 Self-clos'd behind her shut the valves of gold.
 Here first she bathes; and round her body pours
 Soft oils of fragrance, and ambrosial show'rs:
 The winds perfum'd, the balmy gale convey
 Through heav'n, through earth, and all th' aerial way:
 Spirit divine! whose exhalation greets
 The sense of gods with more than mortal sweets.
 Thus while she breath'd of heav'n, with decent pride
 Her artful hands the radiant tresses ty'd;
 Part on her head in shining ringlets roll'd,
 Part o'er her shoulders wav'd like melted gold.
 Around her next a heav'nly mantle flow'd,
 That rich with Pallas' labour'd colours glow'd:

Large clasps of gold the foldings gather'd round,
 A golden zone her swelling bosom bound.
 Far-beaming pendants tremble in her ear,
 Each gem illumin'd with a triple star.
 Then o'er her head she casts a veil more white
 Than new-fall'n snow, and dazzling as the light.
 Last her fair feet celestial sandals grace.
 Thus issuing radiant, with majestic pace,
 Forth from the dome th' imperial goddess moves,
 And calls the mother of the Smiles and Loves.

How long, (to Venus thus apart she cry'd)
 Shall human strifes celestial minds divide?
 Ah yet! will Venus aid Saturnia's joy,
 And set aside the cause of Greece and Troy?

Let heav'n's dread empress, Cytherea said,
 Speak her request, and deem her will obey'd.
 Then grant me, said the queen, those conqu'ring charms,
 That pow'r, which mortals and immortals warms,
 That love, which melts mankind in fierce desires,
 And burns the sons of heav'n with sacred fires!

For lo! I haste to those remote abodes,
 way: Where the great parents, sacred source of gods!
 Ocean and Tethys their old empire keep,
 On the last limits of the land and deep.
 In their kind arms my tender years were pass'd;
 side: What time old Saturn, from Olympus cast,
 Of upper heav'n to Jove resign'd the reign,
 Whelm'd under the huge mass of earth and main.
 For strife, I hear, has made the union cease,
 Which held so long that ancient pair in peace.

What honour, and what love shall I obtain,
 If I compose those fatal feuds again!
 Once more their minds in mutual ties engage,
 And what my youth has ow'd, repay their age.

She said. With awe divine the queen of love
 Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove:
 And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
 With various skill, and high embroid'ry grac'd.
 In this, was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:
 Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
 This on her hand the Cyprian Goddess laid;
 Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said:
 With smiles she took the charm; and smiling prest
 The pow'rful Cestus to her snowy breast.

Then Venus to the courts of Jove withdrew;
 Whilst from Olympus pleas'd Saturnia flew,
 O'er high Pieria thence her course she bore,
 O'er fair Emathia's ever-pleasing shore,
 O'er Haemus' hills with snows eternal crown'd;
 Nor once her flying foot approach'd the ground.
 Then taking wing from Athos' lofty steep,
 She speeds to Lemnos o'er the rolling deep,
 And seeks the cave of Death's half-brother, Sleep.
 Sweet pleasing Sleep! (Saturnia thus began)
 Who spread'st thy empire o'er each god and man;
 If e'er obsequious to thy Juno's will,
 O pow'r of slumbers! hear, and favour still,

Shed thy soft dews on Jove's immortal eyes,
 While sunk in love's entrancing joys he lies.
 A splendid footstool, and a throne, that shine
 With gold unfading, Somnus, shall be thine;
 The work of Vulcan; to indulge thy ease,
 When wine and feasts thy golden humours please.

Imperial dame (the balmy pow'r replies)
 Great Saturn's heir, and empress of the skies!
 O'er other gods I spread my easy chain;
 The sire of all, old Ocean, owns my reign,
 And his hush'd waves lie silent on the main. }
 But how, unbidden, shall I dare to sleep,
 Jove's awful temples in the dew of sleep?
 Long since too vent'rous, at thy bold command,
 On those eternal lids I laid my hand:
 What time, deserting Ilion's wasted plain,
 His conqu'ring son, Alcides, plow'd the main:
 When lo! the deeps arise, the tempests rore,
 And drive the hero to the Coan shore:
 Great Jove awaking, shook the blest abodes
 With rising wrath, and tumbled gods on gods;
 Me chief he fought, and from the realms on high
 Had hurl'd indignant to the nether sky.
 But gentle Night, to whom I fled for aid,
 (The friend of earth and heav'n) her wings display'd;
 Impower'd the wrath of gods and men to tame,
 Ev'n Jove rever'd the venerable dame.

Vain are thy fears (the queen of heav'n replies,
 And speaking, rolls her large majestic eyes)
 Think'st thou that Troy has Jove's high favour won,
 Like great Alcides, his all-conqu'ring son?

Hear, and obey the mistress of the skies,
 Nor for the deed expect a vulgar prize;
 For know, thy lov'd one shall be ever thine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithæ the divine.

Swear then, he said, by those tremendous floods
 That roar thro' hell, and bind th' invoking gods:
 Let the great parent earth one hand sustain,
 And stretch the other o'er the sacred main.
 Call the black Titans that with Chronos dwell,
 To hear, and witness from the depths of hell;
 That she, my lov'd one, shall be ever mine,
 The youngest Grace, Pasithæ the divine.

The queen assents, and from th' infernal bow'rs,
 Invokes the fable subtartarean pow'rs,
 And those who rule th' inviolable floods,
 Whom mortals name the dread Titanian gods.

Then swift as wind, o'er Lemnos' smoaky Isle,
 They wing their way, and Imbrus' sea-beat soil,
 Through air unseen involv'd in darkness glide,
 And light on Lestos, on the point of Ide,
 (Mother of savages, whose echoing hills
 Are heard resounding with a hundred rills)
 Fair Ida trembles underneath the god;
 Hush'd are her mountains, and her forests nod.
 There on a fir, whose spiry branches rise
 To join its summit to the neighb'ring skies:
 Dark in embow'ring shade, conceal'd from sight,
 Sate Sleep, in likeness of the bird of night,
 (Chalcis his name, by those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Cymindis by the race of earth.)

To Ida's top successful Juno flies;
 Great Jove surveys her with desiring eyes:
 The God, whose light'ning sets the heav'ns on fire,
 Through all his bosom feels the fierce desire;
 Fierce as when first by stealth he seiz'd her charms,
 Mix'd with her soul, and melted in her arms.
 Fix'd on her eyes, he fed his eager look,
 Then press'd her hand, and thus with transport spoke.

Why comes my goddess from th' aethereal sky,
 And not her steeds and flaming chariot nigh?

Then she—I haste to those remote abodes,
 Where the great parents of the deathless Gods,
 The rev'rend Ocean and great Tethys reign,
 On the last limits of the land and main.
 I visit these, to whose indulgent cares
 I owe the nursing of my tender years.
 For strife, I hear, has made that union cease,
 Which held so long this ancient pair in peace.
 The steeds, prepar'd my chariot to convey
 O'er earth and seas, and thro' th' aerial way,
 Wait under Ide: Of thy superior pow'r
 To ask consent, I leave th' Olympian bow'r;
 Nor seek, unknown to thee, the sacred cells
 Deep under seas, where hoary Ocean dwells.

For that, said Jove, suffice another day;
 But eager love denies the least delay.
 Let softer cares the present hour employ,
 And be these moments sacred all to joy.
 Ne'er did my soul so strong a passion prove,
 Or for an earthly, or a heav'nly love:

Not when I press'd Ixion's matchless dame,
 Whence rose Perithous like the Gods in fame.
 Not when fair Danaë felt the show'r of gold
 Stream into life, whence Perseus brave and bold.
 Not thus I burn'd for either Theban dame,
 (Bacchus from this, from that Alcides came.)
 Not Phoenix' daughter, beautiful and young,
 Whence godlike Rhadamanth and Minos sprung.
 Not thus I burn'd for fair Latona's face,
 Nor comlier Ceres' more majestic grace.
 Not thus ev'n for thyself I felt desire,
 As now my veins receive the pleasing fire.

He spoke; the goddess with the charming eyes
 Glows with celestial red, and thus replies.
 Is this a scene for love? On Ida's height
 Expos'd to mortal, and immortal sight;
 Our joys prophan'd by each familiar eye;
 The sport of heav'n, and fable of the sky.
 How shall I e'er review the blest abodes,
 Or mix among the senate of the gods?
 Shall I not think, that, with disorder'd charms,
 All heav'n beholds me recent from thy arms?
 With skill divine has Vulcan form'd thy bow'r,
 Sacred to love, and to the genial hour;
 If such thy will, to that recess retire,
 And secret there indulge thy soft desire.

She ceas'd; and smiling with superior love,
 Thus answer'd mild the cloud-compelling Jove.
 Nor god, nor mortal, shall our joys behold,
 Shaded with clouds, and circumfus'd with gold.

Not ev'n the sun, who darts thro' heav'n his rays,
And whose broad eye th' extended earth surveys.

Gazing he spoke, and kindling at the view,
His eager arms around the Goddess threw.
Glad earth perceives, and from her bosom pours
Unbidden herbs and voluntary flow'rs:

Thick new-born v'lets a soft carpet spread,
And clust'ring Lotos swell'd the rising bed,
And sudden Hyacinths the turf bestrow,
And flamy Crocus made the mountain glow.
There golden clouds conceal the heav'nly pair,
Steep'd in soft joys, and circumfus'd with air;
Celestial dews, descending o'er the ground,
Perfume the mount, and breathe Ambrosia round.
At length with love and sleep's soft pow'r oppress'd,
The panting thund'rer nods, and sinks to rest.

Now to the navy born on silent wings,
To Neptune's ear soft Sleep his message brings;
Beside him sudden, unperceiv'd he stood,
And thus with gentle words address'd the God.

Now, Neptune! now, th' important hour employ,
To check a while the haughty hopes of Troy:
While Jove yet rests, while yet my vapours shed
The golden vision round his sacred head;
For Juno's love, and Somnus' pleasing ties,
Have clos'd those awful and eternal eyes.

Thus having said, the pow'r of slumber flew,
On human lids to drop the balmy dew.
Neptune, with zeal increas'd, renews his care,
And tow'ring in the foremost ranks of war,

Indignant thus——Oh once of martial fame!
 O Greeks! if yet ye can deserve the name!
 This half-recover'd day shall Troy obtain?
 Shall Hector thunder at your ships again?
 Lo still he vaunts, and threats the fleet with fires,
 While stern Achilles in his wrath retires.
 One hero's loss too tamely you deplore,
 Be still yourselves, and we shall need no more.
 Oh yet, if glory any bosom warms,
 Brace on your firmest helms, and stand to arms:
 His strongest spear each valiant Grecian wield,
 Each valiant Grecian seize his broadest shield;
 Let, to the weak, the lighter arms belong,
 The pond'rous targe be wielded by the strong.
 (Thus arm'd) not Hector shall our presence stay;
 Myself, ye Greeks! my self will lead the way.

The troops assent: their martial arms they change,
 The busy chiefs their banded legions range.
 The kings, tho' wounded, and oppress'd with pain,
 With helpful hands themselves assist the train.
 The strong and cumb'rous arms the valiant wield,
 The weaker warrior takes a lighter shield.
 Thus sheath'd in shining brass, in bright array,
 The legions march, and Neptune leads the way:
 His brandish'd faulchion flames before their eyes,
 Like light'ning flashing thro' the frightened skies.
 Clad in his might th' earth-shaking pow'r appears;
 Pale mortals tremble, and confess their fears.

Troy's great defender stands alone unaw'd,
 Arms his proud host, and dares oppose a god:

And lo! the God, and wond'rous man appear :
 The sea's stern ruler there, and Hector here.
 The roling main, at her great master's call,
 Rose in huge ranks, and form'd a watry wall
 Around the ships: seas hanging o'er the shores,
 Both armies join: earth thunders, ocean rores.
 Not half so loud the bellowing deeps resound,
 When stormy winds disclose the dark profound ;
 Less loud the winds, that from th' Æolian hall
 Roar thro' the woods, and make whole forests fall ;
 Less loud the woods, when flames in torrents pour,
 Catch the dry mountain, and its shades devour.
 With such a rage the meeting hosts are driv'n,
 And such a clamour shakes the sounding heav'n.
 The first bold jav'lin urg'd by Hector's force,
 Direct at Ajax' bosom wing'd its course ;
 But there no pass the crossing belts afford,
 (One brac'd his shield, and one sustain'd his sword)
 Then back the disappointed Trojan drew,
 And curs'd the lance that unavailing flew :
 But 'scap'd not Ajax ; his tempestuous hand
 A pond'rous stone up-heaving from the sand,
 (Where heaps lay'd loose beneath the warrior's feet,
 Or serv'd to ballast, or to prop the fleet)
 Toss'd round and round, the missive marble flings ;
 On the raz'd shield the falling ruin rings,
 Full on his breast and throat with force descends ;
 Nor deaden'd there its giddy fury spends,
 But whirling on, with many a fiery round,
 Smokes in the dust, and ploughs into the ground.

As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
 Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
 The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
 Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise;
 Stiff with amaze the pale beholders stand,
 And own the terrors of th' almighty hand!
 So lies great Hector prostrate on the shore;
 His slacken'd hand deserts the lance it bore;
 His following shield the fallen chief o'erspread;
 Beneath his helmet dropp'd his fainting head;
 His load of armour sinking to the ground,
 Clanks on the field; a dead and hollow sound.
 Loud shouts of triumph fill the crouded plain;
 Greece sees, in hope, Troy's great defender slain:
 All spring to seize him; storms of arrows fly;
 And thicker jav'lines intercept the sky.
 In vain an iron tempest hisses round;
 He lies protected, and without a wound.
 Polydamas, Agenor the divine,
 The pious warrior of Anchises' line,
 And each bold leader of the Lycian band;
 With cov'ring shields (a friendly circle) stand.
 His mournful followers, with assistant care,
 The groaning hero to his chariot bear;
 His foaming courfers, swifter than the wind,
 Speed to the town, and leave the war behind.

When now they touch'd the mead's enamel'd side,
 Where gentle Xanthus rolls his easy tide,
 With watry drops the chief they sprinkle round,
 Plac'd on the margin of the flow'ry ground.

Rais'd on his knees he now ejects the gore;
 Now faints a-new, low-sinking on the shore;
 By fits he breathes, half-views the fleeting skies,
 And seals again, by fits, his swimming eyes.

Soon as the Greeks the chief's retreat beheld,
 With double fury each invades the field.

Oilean Ajax first his jav'lin sped,
 Pierc'd by whose point the son of Enops bled;

(Satnius the brave, whom beauteous Neis bore
 Amidst her flocks on Satnio's silver shore)

Struck through the belly's rim, the warrior lies
 Supine, and shades eternal veil his eyes.

An arduous battle rose around the dead;
 By turns the Greeks; by turns the Trojans bled.

Fir'd with revenge, Polydamas drew near,
 And at Prothoenor shook the trembling spear;

The driving jav'lin through his shoulder thrust,
 He sinks to earth, and grasps the bloody dust.

Lo thus, the victor cries, we rule the field,
 And thus their arms the race of Panthus wield:

From this unerring hand there flies no dart
 But bathes its point within a Grecian heart.

Propt on that spear to which thou ow'st thy fall,
 Go, guide thy darksome steps to Pluto's dreary hall!

He said, and sorrow touch'd each Argive breast:
 The soul of Ajax burn'd above the rest.

As by his side the groaning warrior fell,
 At the fierce foe he launch'd his piercing steel;

The foe reclining, shunn'd the flying death:
 But fate, Archelochus, demands thy breath:

Thy lofty birth no succour could impart,
 The wings of death o'ertook thee on the dart,
 Swift to perform heav'n's fatal will it fled,
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head,
 And took the joint, and cut the nerves in twain:
 The dropping head first tumbled to the plain.
 So just the stroke, that yet the body stood
 Erect, then roll'd along the sands in blood.

Here, proud Polydamas, here turn thy eyes!
 (The tow'ring Ajax loud insulting cries)
 Say, is this chief extended on the plain,
 A worthy vengeance for Prothoenor slain?
 Mark well his port! his figure and his face
 Nor speak him vulgar, nor of vulgar race;
 Some lines, methinks, may make his lineage known,
 Antenor's brother, or perhaps his son.

He spake, and smil'd severe, for well he knew
 The bleeding youth: Troy sadden'd at the view.
 But furious Acamas aveng'd his cause;
 As Promachus his slaughter'd brother draws,
 He pierc'd his heart—Such fate attends you all,
 Proud Argives! destin'd by our arms to fall.
 Nor Troy alone, but haughty Greece shall share
 The toils, the sorrows, and the wounds of war.
 Behold your Promachus depriv'd of breath,
 A victim ow'd to my brave brother's death:
 Not unappeas'd he enters Pluto's gate,
 Who leaves a brother to revenge his fate.

Heart-piercing anguish struck the Grecian host,
 But touch'd the breast of bold Peneleus most;

At the proud boaster he directs his course;
 The boaster flies, and shuns superior force.
 But young Ilioneus receiv'd the spear;
 Ilioneus, his father's only care:
 Phorbos the rich, of all the Trojan train
 Whom Hermes lov'd, and taught the arts of gain)
 Full in his eye the weapon chanc'd to fall,
 And from the fibres scoop'd the rooted ball,
 Drove thro' the neck, and hurl'd him to the plain:
 He lifts his miserable arms in vain!
 Swift his broad faulchion fierce Penelens spread,
 And from the spouting shoulders struck his head;
 To earth at once the head and helmet fly;
 The lance, yet sticking through the bleeding eye,
 The victor seiz'd; and as aloft he shook
 The goary visage, thus insulting spoke.

Trojans! your great Ilioneus behold!
 Haste, to his father let the tale be told:
 Let his high roofs resound with frantic woe,
 Such, as the house of Promachus must know;
 Let doleful tidings greet his mother's ear,
 Such, as to Promachus' sad spouse we bear;
 When we, victorious, shall to Greece return,
 And the pale matron in our triumphs mourn.

Dreadful he spoke, then toss'd the head on high;
 The Trojans hear, they tremble, and they fly:
 Aghast they gaze around the fleet and wall,
 And dread the ruin that impends on all.

Daughters of Jove! that on Olympus shine,
 We all-beholding, all-recording nine!

O say, when Neptune made proud Ilion yield,
 What chief, what hero first embro'd the field?
 Of all the Grecians what immortal name,
 And whose blest trophies, will ye raise to fame?

Thou first, great Ajax! on th' ensanguin'd plain
 Laid Hyrtius, leader of the Mysian train.
 Phalces and Mermer, Nestor's son o'erthrew;
 Bold Merion, Morys, and Hippotion flew.
 Strong Periphaetes and Prothoon bled;
 By Teucer's arrows mingled with the dead.
 Pierc'd in the flank by Menelaus' steel
 His people's pastor, Hyperenor fell;
 Eternal darkness wrapt the warrior round,
 And the fierce soul came rushing thro' the wound.
 But stretch'd in heaps before Oileus' son,
 Fall mighty numbers, mighty numbers run;
 Ajax the less, of all the Grecian race
 Skill'd in pursuit, and swiftest in the chase.

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K XV.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The fifth battle, at the ships; and the acts of Ajax.

Jupiter awaking, sees the Trojans repulsed from the trenches, Hector in a swoon, and Neptune at the head of the Greeks: he is highly incensed at the artifice of Juno, who appeases him by her submissions; she is then sent to Iris and Apollo. Juno repairing to the assembly of the gods, attempts with extraordinary address to incense them against Jupiter; in particular she touches Mars with a violent resentment: he is ready to take arms, but is prevented by Minerva. Iris and Apollo obey the orders of Jupiter; Iris commands Neptune to leave the battle, to which, after much reluctance and passion, he consents. Apollo re-inspires Hector with vigour, brings him back to the battle, marches before him with his Ægis, and turns the fortune of the fight. He breaks down great part of the Grecian wall: the Trojans rush in, and attempt to fire the first line of the fleet, but are, as yet, repelled by the greater Ajax with a prodigious slaughter.

NOW in swift flight they pass the trench profound,
And many a chief lay gasping on the ground:

VOL. III.

F

Then stopp'd and panted, where the chariots lie;
Fear on their cheek, and horror in their eye.
Meanwhile awaken'd from his dream of love,
On Ida's summit sat imperial Jove:
Round the wide fields he cast a careful view,
There saw the Trojans fly, the Greeks pursue,
These proud in arms, those scatter'd o'er the plain;
And 'midst the war, the monarch of the main.
Not far, great Hector on the dust he spies,
(His sad associates round with weeping eyes)
Ejecting blood, and panting yet for breath,
His senses wand'ring to the verge of death.
The god beheld him with a pitying look,
And thus, incens'd, to fraudulent Juno spoke.

O thou, still adverse to th' eternal will,
For ever studious in promoting ill!
Thy arts have made the god-like Hector yield,
And driv'n his conqu'ring squadrons from the field.
Can'st thou, unhappy in thy wiles! withstand
Our pow'r immense, and brave th' almighty hand?
Hast thou forgot, when bound and fixt on high,
From the vast concave of the spangled sky,
I hung thee trembling, in a golden chain;
And all the raging gods oppos'd in vain?
Headlong I hurl'd them from th' Olympian hall,
Stunn'd in the whirl, and breathless with the fall.
For godlike Hercules these deeds were done,
Nor seem'd the vengeance worthy such a son;
When by thy wiles induc'd, fierce Boreas tost
The shipwreck'd hero on the Coan coast:

Him thro' a thousand forms of death I bore,
And sent to Argos, and his native shore.
Hear this, remember, and our fury dread,
Nor pull th' unwilling vengeance on thy head,
Lest arts and blandishments successless prove,
Thy soft deceits, and well-dissembled love.

The thund'rer spoke: Imperial Juno mourn'd,
And trembling, these submissive words return'd.

By ev'ry oath that pow'rs immortal ties,
The foodful earth, and all-infolding skies,
By thy black waves, tremendous Styx! that flow
Thro' the drear realms of gliding ghosts below:
By the dread honours of thy sacred head,
And that unbroken vow, our virgin bed!
Not by my arts the ruler of the main
Steeps Troy in blood, and rages round the plain;
By his own ardour, his own pity sway'd
To help his Greeks; he fought, and disobey'd:
Else had thy Juno better counsels giv'n,
And taught submission to the fire of heav'n.

Think'st thou with me? fair empress of the skies!
(Th' immortal father with a smile replies!)

Then soon the haughty sea-god shall obey,
Nor dare to act, but when we point the way.
If truth inspires thy tongue, proclaim our will
To yon' bright synod on th' Olympian hill;
Our high decree let various Iris know,
And call the god that bears the silver bow.
Let her descend, and from th' embattel'd plain
Command the sea-god to his wat'ry reign:

While Phoebus hastes, great Hector to prepare
 To rise afresh, and once more wake the war,
 His lab'ring bosom re-inspires with breath,
 And calls his senses from the verge of death.
 Greece chas'd by Troy ev'n to Achilles' fleet,
 Shall fall by thousands at the hero's feet.
 He, not untouch'd with pity, to the plain
 Shall send Patroclus, but shall send in vain.
 What youth he slaughters under Ilion's walls?
 Ev'n my lov'd son, divine Sarpedon falls!
 Vanquish'd at last by Hector's lance he lies.
 Then, nor 'till then, shall great Achilles rise:
 And lo! that instant, godlike Hector dies.
 From that great hour the war's whole fortune turns,
 Pallas assists, and lofty Ilion burns.
 Not till that day shall Jove relax his rage,
 Nor one of all the heav'nly host engage
 In aid of Greece. The promise of a god
 I gave, and seal'd it with th' almighty nod,
 Achilles' glory to the stars to raise;
 Such was our word, and fate the word obeys.

The trembling queen (th' almighty order giv'n)
 Swift from th' Idaean summit shot to heav'n.
 As some way-faring man, who wanders o'er
 In thought, a length of lands he trod before,
 Sends forth his active mind from place to place,
 Joins hill to dale, and measures space with space:
 So swift flew Juno to the blest abodes,
 If thought of man can match the speed of gods.
 There sate the pow'rs in awful synod plac'd;
 They bow'd, and made obeysance as she pass'd,

Thro' all the brazen dome: with goblets crown'd
 They hail her queen; the Nectar streams around.
 Fair Themis first presents the golden bowl,
 And anxious asks, what cares disturb her soul?

To whom the white-arm'd goddess thus replies:
 Enough thou know'st the Tyrant of the skies,
 Severely bent his purpose to fulfil,
 Unmov'd his mind, and unrestrain'd his will.
 Go thou, the feasts of heav'n attend thy call;
 Bid the crown'd nectar circle round the hall;
 But Jove shall thunder thro' th' ethereal dome,
 Such stern decrees, such threatn'd woes to come,
 As soon shall freeze mankind with dire surprize,
 And damp th' eternal banquets of the skies.

The goddess said, and sullen took her place;
 Blank horror sadden'd each celestial face.
 To see the gath'ring grudge in ev'ry breast,
 Smiles on her lips a spleenful joy express'd,
 While on her wrinkled front, and eyebrow bent,
 Sate stedfast care, and low'ring discontent.
 Thus she proceeds—Attend ye pow'rs above!
 But know, 'tis madness to contest with Jove:
 Supreme he sits; and sees, in pride of sway,
 Your vassal godheads grudgingly obey;
 Fierce in the Majesty of pow'r controuls,
 Shakes all the thrones of heav'n, and bends the poles.
 Submits, immortals! all he wills, obey;
 And thou, great Mars, begin and shew the way.
 Behold, Ascalaphus! behold him die,
 But dare not murmur, dare not vent a sigh;

Thy own lov'd boasted offspring lies o'erthrown,
If that lov'd boasted offspring be thy own.

Stern Mars, with anguish for his slaughter'd son,
Smote his rebelling breast, and fierce begun.
Thus then, immortals ! thus shall Mars obey ;
Forgive me, gods, and yield my vengeance way :
Descending first to yon' forbidden plain,
The god of battles dares avenge the slain ;
Dares, tho' the thunder bursting o'er my head,
Should hurl me blazing on those heaps of dead.

With that, he gives command to Fear and Flight
To join his rapid coursers for the fight :
Then grim in arms, with hasty vengeance flies ;
Arms, that reflect a radiance thro' the skies.
And now had Jove, by bold rebellion driv'n,
Discharg'd his wrath on half the host of heav'n ;
But Pallas springing through the bright abode,
Starts from her azure throne to calm the god.
Struck for th' immortal race with timely fear,
From frantic Mars she snatch'd the shield and spear ;
Then the huge helmet lifting from his head,
Thus, to th' impetuous homicide she said.

By what wild passion, furious, art thou tost ?
Striv'st thou with Jove ? thou art already lost.
Shall not the thund'rer's dread command restrain,
And was imperial Juno heard in vain ?
Back to the skies would'st thou with shame be driven,
And in thy guilt involve the host of heav'n ?
Ilion and Greece no more shall Jove engage ;
The skies would yield an ampler scene of rage.

Guilty and guiltless find an equal fate,
 And one vast ruin whelm th' Olympian state.
 Cease then thy offspring's death unjust to call;
 Heroes as great have dy'd, and yet shall fall.
 Why should heav'n's law with foolish man comply,
 Exempted from the race ordain'd to die?

This menace fix'd the warrior to his throne;
 Sullen he fate, and curb'd the rising groan.
 Then Juno call'd (Jove's orders to obey)
 The winged Iris, and the god of day.
 Go wait the thund'rer's will (Saturnia cry'd)
 On yon' tall summit of the fount-ful Ide;
 There in the father's awful presence stand,
 Receive, and execute his dread command.

She said, and fate: The god that gilds the day,
 And various Iris wings their airy way.
 Swift as the wind, to Ida's hills they came,
 (Fair nurse of fountains, and of savage game)
 There fate th' Eternal: he, whose nod controuls
 The trembling world, and shakes the steady poles.
 Veil'd in a mist of fragrance, him they found,
 With clouds of gold and purple circled round.
 Well-pleas'd the thund'rer saw their earnest care,
 And prompt obedience to the queen of air;
 Then (while a smile serenes his awful brow)
 Commands the goddess of the show'ry bow.

Iris! descend, and what we here ordain
 Report to yon mad tyrant of the main.
 Bid him from fight to his own deeps repair,
 Or breathe from slaughter in the fields of air.

If he refuse, then let him timely weigh
 Our elder birthright, and superior sway.
 How shall his rashness stand the dire alarms,
 If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
 Strives he with me, by whom his pow'r was giv'n,
 And is there equal to the Lord of heav'n?

Th' Almighty spoke; the goddess wing'd her flight
 To sacred Ilion from th' Idean height.
 Swift as the rattling hail, or fleecy snows
 Drive thro' the skies, when Boreas fiercely blows;
 So from the clouds descending Iris falls;
 And to blue Neptune thus the goddess calls.

Attend the mandate of the fire above,
 In me behold the messenger of Jove:
 He bids thee from forbidden wars repair
 To thy own deeps, or to the fields of air.
 This, if refus'd, he bids thee timely weigh
 His elder birthright, and superior sway.
 How shall thy rashness stand the dire alarms,
 If heav'n's omnipotence descend in arms?
 Striv'st thou with him, by whom all pow'r is giv'n?
 And art thou equal to the Lord of heav'n?

What means the haughty sov'reign of the skies,
 (The king of ocean thus, incens'd, replies)
 Rule as he will his portion'd realms on high;
 No vassal god, nor of his train am I.
 Three brother deities from Saturn came,
 And ancient Rhea, earth's immortal dame:
 Assign'd by lot, our triple rule we know;
 Infernal Pluto sways the shades below;

O'er the wide clouds, and o'er the starry plain,
Eternal Jove extends his high domain;
My court beneath the hoary waves I keep,
And hush the roarings of the sacred deep:
Olympus, and this earth, in common lie;
What claim has here the tyrant of the sky?
Far in the distant clouds let him controul,
And awe the younger brothers of the pole;
There to his children his commands be giv'n,
The trembling, servile, second race of heav'n.

And must I then, said she, O sire of floods!
Bear this fierce answer to the king of gods!
Correct it yet, and change thy rash intent;
A noble mind disdains not to repent.

To elder brothers guardian fiends are giv'n,
To scourge the wretch insulting them and heav'n.

Great is the profit, thus the god rejoind,
When ministers are bless'd with prudent mind:
Warn'd by thy words, to pow'rful Jove I yield,
And quit, tho' angry, the contended field.
Not but his threats with justice I disclaim,
The same our honours, and our birth the same.

If yet, forgetful of his promise giv'n
To Hermes, Pallas, and the queen of heav'n;
To favour Ilion, that perfidious place,
He breaks his faith with half th' aetherial race;
Give him to know, unless the Grecian train
Lay yon' proud structures level with the plain,
Howe'er th' offence by other gods be past,
The wrath of Neptune shall forever last.

Thus speaking, furious from the field he strode,
 And plung'd into the bosom of the flood.
 The lord of thunders from his lofty height
 Beheld, and thus bespoke the source of light.
 Behold! the god whose liquid arms are hurl'd!
 Around the globe, whose earthquakes rock the world;
 Desists at length his rebel-war to wage,
 Seeks his own seas, and trembles at our rage;
 Else had my wrath, heav'n's thrones all shaking round,
 Burn'd to the bottom of the seas profound;
 And all the gods that round old Saturn-dwell,
 Had heard the thunders to the deeps of hell.
 Well was the crime, and well the vengeance spar'd;
 Ev'n pow'r immense had found such battle hard,
 Go thou, my son! the trembling Greeks alarm,
 Shake my broad Ægis on thy active arm,
 Be god-like Hector thy peculiar care,
 Swell his bold heart, and urge his strength to war:
 Let Ilion conquer, till th' Achaian train
 Fly to their ships and Hellespont again:
 Then Greece shall breathe from toils—the godhead said;
 His will divine the son of Jove obey'd.
 Not half so swift the sailing falcon flies,
 That drives a turtle thro the liquid skies;
 As Phoebus shooting from th' Idean brow,
 Glides down the mountain to the plain below.
 There Hector seated by the stream he sees,
 His sense returning with the coming breeze;
 Again his pulses beat, his spirits rise;
 Again his lov'd companions meet his eyes;

Love thinking of his pains, they past away.

To whom the god who gives the golden day.

Why sits great Hector from the field so far,

What grief, what wound, with-holds him from the war?

The fainting hero, as the vision bright

Stood shining o'er him, half unseal'd his sight;

What blest immortal, with commanding breath,

Thus wakens Hector from the sleep of death?

Has fame not told, how, while my trusty sword

Bath'd Greece in slaughter, and her battle gor'd,

The mighty Ajax with a deadly blow,

Had almost sunk me to the shades below!

Ev'n yet, methinks, the gliding ghosts I spy,

And hell's black horrors swim before my eye.

To him, Apollo. Be no more dismay'd;

See, and be strong! the thund'rer sends thee aid.

Behold, thy Phoebus shall his arms employ,

Phoebus, propitious still to thee, and Troy.

Inspire thy warriors then with manly force,

And to the ships impel thy rapid horse:

Ev'n I will make thy fiery coursers way,

And drive the Grecians headlong to the sea.

Thus to bold Hector spoke the son of Jove,

And breath'd immortal ardour from above.

As when the pamper'd steed, with reins unbound,

Breaks from his stall, and pours along the ground;

With ample strokes he rushes to the flood,

To bathe his sides, and cool his fiery blood;

His head now freed, he tosses to the skies;

His mane dishevel'd o'er his shoulders flies;

He snuffs the females in the well-known plain,
 And springs, exulting, to his fields again :
 Urg'd by the voice divine, thus Hector flew,
 Full of the god ; and all his host pursue.
 As when the force of men and dogs combin'd
 Invade the mountain goat, or branching hind ;
 Far from the hunter's rage secure they lie,
 Close in the rock, not fated yet to die,
 When lo ! a lion shoots across the way !
 They fly : at once the chacers and the prey.
 So Greece, that late in conqu'ring troops pursu'd,
 And mark'd their progress thro' the ranks in blood,
 Soon as they see the furious chief appear,
 Forget to vanquish, and consent to fear.

Thoas with grief observ'd his dreadful course,
 Thoas, the bravest of th' Ætolian force :
 Skill'd to direct the jav'lin's distant flight,
 And bold to combat in the standing fight ;
 Nor more in councils fam'd for solid sense,
 Then winning words and heav'nly eloquence.
 Gods ! what portent, he cry'd, these eyes invade ?
 Lo ! Hector rises from the Stygian shades !
 We saw him, late, by thund'ring Ajax kill'd ;
 What god restores him to the frighted field ;
 And not content, that half of Greece lie slain,
 Pours new destruction on her sons again ?
 He comes not, Jove ! without thy pow'rful will ;
 Lo ! still he lives, pursues, and conquers still !
 Yet hear my counsel, and his worst withstand ;
 The Greeks main body to the fleet command ;

But let the few whom brisker spirits warm,
 Stand the first onset, and provoke the storm :
 Thus point your arms ; and when such foes appear,
 Fierce as he is, let Hector learn to fear.

The warrior spoke, the list'ning Greeks obey,
 Thick'ning their ranks, and form a deep array.
 Each Ajax, Teucer, Merion, gave command,
 The valiant leader of the Cretan band,
 And Mars-like Meges: these the chiefs excite,
 Approach the foe, and meet the coming fight.
 Behind, unnumber'd multitudes attend,
 To flank the navy, and the shores defend.
 Full on the front the pressing Trojans bear,
 And Hector first came tow'ring to the war.
 Phoebus himself the rushing battle led ;
 A veil of clouds involv'd his radiant head :
 High-held before him, Jove's enormous shield
 Portentous shone, and shaded all the field,
 Vulcan to Jove th' immortal gift consign'd,
 To scatter hosts, and terrify mankind.
 The Greeks expect the shock ; the clamours rise
 From diff'rent parts, and mingle in the skies.
 Dire was the hiss of darts, by heroes flung,
 And arrows leaping from the bowstring sung ;
 These drink the life of gen'rous warriors slain ;
 Those guiltless fall, and thirst for blood in vain.
 As long as Phoebus bore unmov'd the shield,
 Safe doubtful conquest hov'ring o'er the field ;
 But when aloft he shakes it in the skies,
 Shouts in their ears, and lightens in their eyes,

Deep horror seizes ev'ry Grecian breast,
 Their force is humbled, and their fear confest.
 So flies a herd of oxen, scatter'd wide,
 No swain to guard them, and no day to guide,
 When two fell lions from the mountain come,
 And spread the carnage thro' the shady gloom.
 Impending Phoebus pours around them fear,
 And Troy and Hector thunder in their rear.
 Heaps fall on heaps: the slaughter Hector leads;
 First great Arcesilas, then Stichius bleeds;
 One to the bold Boeotians ever dear,
 And one Menestheus' friend, and fam'd compeer.
 Medon and Iasus, Æneas sped;
 This sprung from Phelus, and th' Athenians led;
 But hapless Medon from Oileus came;
 Him Ajax honour'd with a brother's name,
 Tho' born of lawless love: from home expell'd,
 A banish'd man, in Phylace he dwell'd,
 Press'd by the vengeance of an angry wife;
 Troy ends, at last, his labours and his life.
 Mecistes next, Polydamas o'erthrew;
 And thee, brave Clonius! great Agenor slew.
 By Paris, Deiochus inglorious dies,
 Pierc'd thro' the shoulder as he basely flies.
 Polites' arm laid Echius on the plain;
 Stretch'd on one heap, the victors spoil the slain.
 The Greeks dismay'd, confus'd, disperse or fall,
 Some seek the trench, some skulk behind the wall,
 While these fly trembling, others pant for breath,
 And o'er the slaughter stalks gigantic death.

On rush'd bold Hector, gloomy as the night,
 Forbids to plunder, animates the fight,
 Points to the fleet: for by the gods, who flies,
 Who dares but linger, by this hand he dies:
 No weeping sister his cold eye shall close,
 No friendly hand his funeral pyre compose.
 Who stops to plunder in this signal hour,
 The birds shall tear him; and the dogs devour.

Furious he said; the smarting scourge resounds;
 The coursers fly; the smoaking chariot bounds:
 The hosts rush on; loud clamours shake the shore;
 The horses thunder, earth and ocean roar!
 Apollo, planted at the trenche's bound,
 Push'd at the bank: down sunk th' enormous mound:
 Roll'd in the ditch the heapy ruin lay;
 A sudden road! a long and ample way.
 O'er the dread fosse (a late impervious space)
 Now steeds, and men, and cars, tumultuous pass.
 The wond'ring crowds the downward level trod;
 Before them flam'd the shield, and march'd the god.
 Then with his hand he shook the mighty wall;
 And lo! the turrets nod, the bulwarks fall.
 Easy, as when ashore an infant stands,
 And draws imagin'd houses in the sands;
 The sportive wanton, pleas'd with some new play,
 Sweeps the slight works and fashion'd domes away.
 Thus vanish, at thy touch, the tow'rs and walls;
 The toil of thousands in a moment falls.

The Grecians gaze around with wild despair,
 Confus'd, and weary all the pow'rs with pray'r;

Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
 Experienc'd Nestor chief obtests the skies,
 And weeps his country with a father's eyes.

O Jove! if ever, on his native shore,
 One Greek enrich'd thy shrine with offer'd gore;
 If e'er, in hope our country to behold,
 We paid the fattest firstlings of the fold;
 If e'er thou sign'st our wishes with thy nod;
 Perform the promise of a gracious God!
 This day, preserve our navies from the flame,
 And save the reliques of the Grecian name.

Thus pray'd the sage: th' eternal gave consent,
 And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
 Presumptuous Troy mistook th' accepting sign,
 And catch'd new fury at the voice divine.
 As, when black tempests mix the seas and skies,
 The roaring deeps in wat'ry mountains rise,
 Above the sides of some tall ship ascend,
 Its womb they deluge, and its ribs they rend:
 Thus loudly roaring, and o'erpow'ring all,
 Mount the thick Trojans up the Grecian wall;
 Legions on legions from each side arise;
 Thick sound the keels; the storm of arrows flies.
 Fierce on the ships above, the cars below,
 These wield the mace, and those the jav'lin throw.

While thus the thunder of the battle rag'd,
 And lab'ring armies round the works engag'd;
 Still in the tent Patroclus fate, to tend
 The good Eurypylus, his wounded friend.

He sprinkles healing balmes, to anguish kind,
 And adds discourse, the med'cine of the mind.
 But when he saw, ascending up the fleet,
 Victorious Troy: then, starting from his seat,
 With bitter groans his sorrows he express,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his manly breast.
 Tho' yet thy state require redress (he cries)
 Depart I must: what horrors strike my eyes?
 Charg'd with Achilles' high commands I go,
 A mournful witness of this scene of woe:
 I haste to urge him, by his country's care,
 To rise in arms, and shine again in war.
 Perhaps some fav'ring god his soul may bend;
 The voice is pow'rful of a faithful friend.

He spoke; and speaking, swifter than the wind
 Sprung from the tent, and left the war behind.
 Th' embody'd Greeks the fierce attack sustain,
 But strive, tho' num'rous, to repulse in vain.
 Nor could the Trojans, thro' that firm array,
 Force, to the fleet and tents, th' impervious way.
 As when a shipwright, with Palladian art,
 Smooths the rough wood, and levels ev'ry part;
 With equal hand he guides his whole design,
 By the just rule, and the directing line.
 The martial leaders, with like skill and care,
 Preserv'd their line, and equal kept the war.
 Brave deeds of arms thro' all the ranks were try'd,
 And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tyde.
 At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet
 Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet:

Exhort their men, with praises, threats, commands;
 And urge the gods, with voices, eyes, and hands.
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 And ev'ry ship sustain'd an equal tyde.
 At one proud bark, high-tow'ring o'er the fleet
 Ajax the great, and godlike Hector meet:

For one bright prize the martial chiefs contend ;
 Nor this the ships can fire, nor that defend ;
 One kept the shore, and one the vessel trode ;
 That fix'd as fate, this acted by a god.
 The son of Clitius, in his daring hand,
 The deck approaching, shakes a flaming brand ;
 But pierc'd by Telamon's huge lance expires ;
 Thund'ring he falls, and drops th' extinguish'd fires.
 Great Hector view'd him with a sad survey,
 As stretch'd in dust before the stern he lay.
 Oh! all of Trojan, all of Lycian race!
 Stand to your arms, maintain this arduous space!
 Lo! where the son of royal Clytius lies,
 Ah save his arms, secure his obsequies!

'This said, his eager javelin sought the foe:
 But Ajax shunn'd the meditated blow.
 Not vainly yet the forceful lance was thrown ;
 It stretch'd in dust unhappy Lycophron :
 An exile long, sustain'd at Ajax' board,
 A faithful servant to a foreign lord ;
 In peace, in war, for ever at his side,
 Near his lov'd master, as he liv'd, he dy'd.
 From the high poop he tumbles on the sand,
 And lies, a lifeless load, along the land.
 With anguish Ajax views the piercing sight,
 And thus inflames his brother to the fight.

Teucer, behold! extended on the shore
 Our friend, our lov'd companion! now no more!
 Dear as a parent, with a parent's care,
 To fight our wars, he left his native air.

This death deplor'd to Hector's rage we owe;
 Revenge, revenge it on the cruel foe.
 Where are those darts on which the fates attend?
 And where the bow, which Phoebus taught to bend?

Impatient Teucer hast'ning to his aid,
 Before the chief his ample bow display'd;
 The well-stor'd quiver on his shoulders hung:
 Then his'd his arrow, and the bow-string sung,
 Clytus, Pisenor's son, renown'd in fame,
 (To thee, Polydamas! an honour'd name)
 Drove thro' the thickest of th' embattel'd plains
 The startling steeds, and shook his eager reins.
 As all on glory ran his ardent mind,
 The pointed death arrests him from behind:
 Through his fair neck the thrilling arrow flies;
 In youth's first bloom reluctantly he dies.
 Hurl'd from the lofty seat, at distance far,
 The headlong coursers spurn his empty car;
 Till sad Polydamas the steeds restrain'd,
 And gave, Astynous, to thy careful hand;
 Then fir'd to vengeance, rush'd amidst the foe,
 Rage edg'd his sword, and strengthen'd ev'ry blow.

Once more bold Teucer, in his country's cause,
 At Hector's breast a chosen arrow draws;
 And had the weapon found the destin'd way,
 Thy fall, great Trojan! had renown'd that day.
 But Hector was not doom'd to perish then:
 Th' all-wise disposer of the fates of men,
 Imperial Jove, his present death withstands,
 Nor was such glory due to Teucer's hands.

At his full stretch as the tough string he drew,
 Struck by an arm unseen, it burst in two;
 Down drop'd the bow: the shaft with brazen head
 Fell innocent, and on the dust lay dead.
 Th' astonish'd archer to great Ajax cries;
 Some god prevents our destin'd enterprize:
 Some god, propitious to the Trojan foe,
 Has, from my arm unfailing, struck the bow,
 And broke the nerve my hands had twin'd with art,
 Strong to impel the flight of many a dart.

Since heav'n commands it, Ajax made reply,
 Dismiss the bow, and lay thy arrows by;
 Thy arms no less suffice the lance to wield,
 And quit the quiver for the pond'rous shield.
 In the first ranks indulge thy thirst of fame,
 Thy brave example shall the rest inflame.
 Fierce as they are, by long successes vain;
 To force our fleet, or ev'n a ship to gain,
 Asks toil, and sweat, and blood: their utmost might
 Shall find its match—No more: 'tis ours to fight.

Then Teucer laid his faithless bow aside;
 The four-fold buckler o'er his shoulder ty'd;
 On his brave head a crested helm he plac'd,
 With nodding horse-hair formidably grac'd.
 A dart, whose point with brass refulgent shines,
 The warrior wields; and his great brother joins.

This Hector saw, and thus express'd his joy.
 Ye troops of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy!
 Be mindful of yourselves, your ancient fame,
 And spread your glory with the navy's flame.

Jove is with us; I saw his hand, but now,
From the proud archer strike his vaunted bow.
Indulgent Jove! how plain thy favours shine,
When happy nations bear the marks divine!
How easy then, to see the sinking state
Of realms accurs'd, deserted, reprobate!
Such is the fate of Greece, and such is ours:
Behold, ye warriors, and exert your pow'r's.
Death is the worst; a fate which all must try;
And, for our country, 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, tho' slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
Entails a debt on all the grateful state;
His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
His wife live honour'd, all his race succeed;
And late posterity enjoy the deed!

This rous'd the soul in ev'ry Trojan breast:
The godlike Ajax next his Greeks address.
How long, ye warriors of the Argive race,
(To gen'rous Argos what a dire disgrace!)
How long, on these curs'd confines will ye lie,
Yet undetermin'd, or to live, or die!
What hopes remain, what methods to retire,
If once your vessels catch the Trojan fire!
Mark how the flames approach, how near they fall,
How Hector calls, and Troy obeys his call!
Not to the dance that dreadful voice invites,
It calls to death, and all the rage of fights.
'Tis now no time for wisdom or debates;
To your own hands are trusted all your fates:

And better far, in one decisive strife,
 One day should end our labour, or our life;
 Than keep this hard-got inch of barren sands,
 Still press'd, and press'd by such inglorious hands.

The list'ning Grecians feel their leader's flame,
 And ev'ry kindling bosom pants for fame.

Then mutual slaughters spread on either side;
 By Hector here the Phocian Schedius dy'd;
 There pierc'd by Ajax, sunk Laodamas,
 Chief of the foot, of old Antenor's race.

Polydamas laid Otus on the sand,

The fierce commander of th' Epeian band.

His lance bold Meges at the victor threw;

The victor stooping, from the death withdrew:

(That valu'd life, O Phoebus! was thy care)

But Croesmus' bosom took the flying spear;

His corpse fell bleeding on the slipp'ry shore;

His radiant arms triumphant Meges bore.

Dolops the son of Lampus rushes on,

Sprung from the race of old Laomedon;

And fam'd for prowess on a well-fought field;

He pierc'd the centre of his sounding shield:

But Meges, Phyleus' ample breast-plate wore,

(Well known in fight on Selle's winding shore,

For king Euphetes gave the golden mail,

Compact, and firm with many a jointed scale)

Which oft, in cities storm'd, and battles won,

Had sav'd the father, and now saves the son.

Full at the Trojan's head he urg'd his lance,

Where the high plumes above the helmet dance,

New ting'd with Tyrian dye: in dust below,
Thorn from the crest, the purple honours glow.
Meantime their fight the Spartan king survey'd,
And stood by Meges' side, a sudden aid,
Thro' Dolops' shoulder urg'd his forceful dart,
Which held its passage thro' the panting heart,
And issu'd at his breast. With thund'ring sound
The warrior falls, extended on the ground.
In rush the conqu'ring Greeks to spoil the slain;
But Hector's voice excites his kindred train;
The hero most, from Hicetaon sprung,
Fierce Melanippus, gallant, brave, and young.
He (ere to Troy the Grecians cross'd the main)
Fed his large oxen on Percote's plain;
But when oppress'd, his country claim'd his care,
Return'd to Ilion, and excell'd in war:
For this, in Priam's court he held his place,
Belov'd no less than Priam's royal race.
Him Hector singled, as his troops he led,
And thus inflam'd him, pointing to the dead:

Lo Menalippus! lo where Dolops lies;
And is it thus our royal kinsman dies?
O'ermatch'd he falls; to two at once a prey,
And lo! they bear the bloody arms away!
Come on——a distant war no longer wage,
But hand to hand thy country's foes engage:
Till Greece at once, and all her glory end;
Or Ilion from her tow'ry height descend,
Heav'd from the lowest stone; and bury all
In one sad sepulchre, one common fall.

Hector, this said, rush'd forward on the foes :
 With equal ardour Melanippus glows :
 Then Ajax thus—Oh Greeks! respect your fame,
 Respect yourselves, and learn an honest shame;
 Let mutual rev'rence mutual warmth inspire,
 And catch from breast to breast the noble fire.
 On valour's side the odds of combat lie,
 The brave live glorious, or lamented die;
 The wretch that trembles in the field of fame,
 Meets death, and worse than death, eternal shame.

His gen'rous sense he not in vain imparts;
 It sunk, and rooted in the Grecian hearts.
 They join, they throng, they thicken at his call,
 And flank the navy with a brazen wall;
 Shields touching shields, in order blaze above,
 And stop the Trojans, tho' impell'd by Jove.
 The fiery Spartan first, with loud applause,
 Warms the bold son of Nestor in his cause.
 Is there, he said, in arms a youth like you,
 So strong to fight, so active to pursue?
 Why stand you distant, nor attempt a deed?
 Lift the bold lance, and make some Trojan bleed.

He said, and backward to the lines retir'd;
 Forth rush'd the youth, with martial fury fir'd,
 Beyond the foremost ranks, his lance he threw,
 And round the black battalions casts his view.
 The troops of Troy recede with sudden fear,
 While the swift jav'lin hiss'd along in air.
 Advancing Melanippus met the dart
 With his bold breast, and felt it in his heart :

Thund'ring he falls; his falling arms resound,
And his broad buckler rings against the ground.
The victor leaps upon his prostrate prize;
Thus on a roe the well-breath'd beagle flies,
And rends his side, fresh-bleeding with the dart
The distant hunter sent into his heart.
Observing Hector to the rescue flew;
Bold as he was, Antilochus withdrew:
So when a savage, ranging o'er the plain,
Has torn the shepherd's dog, or shepherd swain;
While conscious of the deed, he glares around,
And hears the gath'ring multitude resound,
Timely he flies the yet-untasted food,
And gains the friendly shelter of the wood.
So fears the youth; all Troy with shouts pursue,
While stones and darts in mingled tempests flew;
But enter'd in the Grecian ranks, he turns
His manly breast, and with new fury burns.

Now on the fleet the tides of Trojans drove,
Fierce to fulfil the stern decrees of Jove:
The fire of gods, confirming Thetis' pray'r,
The Grecian ardour quench'd in deep despair;
But lists to glory Troy's prevailing bands,
Swells all their hearts, and strengthens all their hands.
On Ida's top he waits with longing eyes,
To view the navy blazing to the skies;
Then, nor till then, the scale of war shall turn,
The Trojans fly, and conquer'd Ilion burn.
These fates revolv'd in his almighty mind,
He raises Hector to the work design'd,

Bids him with more than mortal fury glow,
 And drives him, like a lightning, on the foe.
 So Mars, when human crimes for vengeance call,
 Shakes his huge jav'lin, and whole armies fall.
 Not with more rage a conflagration rolls,
 Wraps the vast mountains, and involves the poles.
 He foams with wrath; beneath his gloomy brow
 Like fiery meteors his red eye-balls glow:
 The radiant helmet on his temples burns,
 Waves when he nods, and lightens as he turns:
 For Jove his splendour round the chief had thrown,
 And cast the blaze of both the hosts on one.
 Unhappy glories! for his fate was near,
 Due to stern Pallas, and Pelides' spear:
 Yet Jove deferr'd the death he was to pay,
 And gave what fate allow'd, the honours of a day!

Now all on fire for fame, his breast, his eyes
 Burn at each foe, and single ev'ry prize;
 Still at the closest ranks, the thickest fight,
 He points his ardour, and exerts his might.
 The Grecian phalanx moveless as a tow'r,
 On all sides batter'd, yet resists his pow'r:
 So some tall rock o'erhangs the hoary main,
 By winds assail'd, by billows beat in vain,
 Unmov'd it hears, above, the tempest blow,
 And sees the watry mountains break below.
 Girt in surrounding flames, he seems to fall
 Like fire from Jove, and bursts upon them all:
 Bursts as a wave, that from the clouds impends,
 And swell'd with tempests on the ship descends;

White are the decks with foam; the winds aloud
 Howl o'er the masts, and sing through ev'ry shroud:
 Pale, trembling, tir'd, the sailors freeze with fears;
 And instant death on ev'ry wave appears.
 So pale the Greeks the eyes of Hector meet,
 The chief so thunders, and so shakes the fleet.

As when a lion, rushing from his den,
 Amidst the plain of some wide-water'd fen,
 (Where num'rous oxen, as at ease they feed,
 At large expatiate o'er the ranker mead;)
 Leaps on the herds before the herdsman's eyes;
 The trembling herdsman far to distance flies:
 Some lordly bull (the rest dispers'd and fled)
 He singles out; arrests, and lays him dead.
 Thus from the rage of Jove-like Hector flew
 All Greece in heaps; but one he seiz'd, and slew;
 Mycenian Periphes, a mighty name,
 In wisdom great, in arms well known to fame;
 The minister of stern Eurystheus' ire
 Against Alcides, Copreus, was his sire:
 The son redeem'd the honours of the race,
 A son as gen'rous as the sire was base;
 O'er all his country's youth conspicuous far
 In ev'ry virtue, or of peace or war:
 But doom'd to Hector's stronger force to yield!
 Against the margin of his ample shield
 He struck his hasty foot: his heels up-sprung;
 Supine he fell; his brazen helmet rung.
 On the fall'n chief th' invading Trojan prest,
 And plung'd the pointed jav'lin in his breast.

His circling friends, who strove to guard too late
Th' unhappy hero; fled, or shar'd his fate.

Chas'd from the foremost line, the Grecian train
Now man the next, receding tow'rd the main:
Wedg'd in one body at the tents they stand,
Wall'd round with sterns, a gloomy, desp'rate band.
Now manly shame forbids th' inglorious flight;
Now fear itself confines them to the fight:
Man courage breathes in man; but Nestor most
(The sage preserver of the Grecian host)
Exhorts, adjures, to guard these utmost shores;
And by their parents, by themselves, implores.

O friends! be men: your gen'rous breasts inflame
With mutual honour, and with mutual shame!
Think of your hopes, your fortunes; all the care
Your wives, your infants, and your parents share:
Think of each living father's rev'rend head;
Think of each ancestor with glory dead;
Absent, by me they speak, by me they sue;
They ask their safety, and their fame, from you:
The gods their fates on this one action lay,
And all are lost, if you desert the day.

He spoke, and round him breath'd heroic fires;
Minerva seconds what the sage inspires.
The mist of darkness Jove around them threw,
She clear'd, restoring all the war to view;
A sudden ray shot beaming o'er the plain,
And shew'd the shores, the navy, and the main:
Hector they saw, and all who fly, or fight,
The scene wide opening to the blaze of light.

First of the field great Ajax strikes their eyes,
His port majestic, and his ample size:
A pond'rous mace, with studs of iron crown'd,
Full twenty cubits long, he swings around;
Nor fights like others fix'd to certain stands,
But looks a moving tower above the bands;
High on the decks, with vast gigantic stride,
The god-like hero stalks from side to side.
So when a horseman from the watry mead
(Skill'd in the manage of the bounding steed)
Drives four fair coursers, practis'd to obey,
To some great city thro' the public way;
Safe in his art, as side by side they run,
He shifts his seat, and vaults from one to one;
And now to this, and now to that he flies;
Admiring numbers follow with their eyes.
From ship to ship thus Ajax swiftly flew,
No less the wonder of the warring crew.
As furious Hector thunder'd threats aloud,
And rush'd enrag'd before the Trojan croud;
Then swift invades the ships, whose beaky prores
Lay rank'd contiguous on the bending shores:
So the strong eagle from his airy height,
Who marks the swans or cranes embody'd flight,
Stoops down impetuous, while they light for food,
And stooping, darkens with his wings the flood.
Jove leads him on with his almighty hand,
And breathes fierce spirits in his following band.
The warring nations meet, the battle roars,
Thick beats the combat on the sounding prores.

Thou would'st have thought, so furious was their fire,
 No force could tame them, and no toil could tire;
 As if new vigour from new fights they won,
 And the long battle was but then begun.
 Greece yet unconquer'd, kept alive the war,
 Secure of death, confiding in despair;
 Troy in proud hopes, already view'd the main
 Bright with the blaze, and red with heroes slain!
 Like strength is felt from hope, and from despair,
 And each contends, as his were all the war.

'Twas thou, bold Hector! whose resistless hand
 First seiz'd a ship on that contested strand;
 The same which dead Proteusilaus bore,
 The first that touch'd th' unhappy Trojan shore:
 For this, in arms the warring nations stood,
 And bath'd their gen'rous breasts with mutual blood.
 No room to poize the lance, or bend the bow;
 But hand to hand, and man to man they grow:
 Wounded they wound; and seek each other's hearts
 With faulchions, axes, swords, and shorten'd darts.
 The faulchions ring, shields rattle, axes sound,
 Swords flash in air, or glitter on the ground;
 With streaming blood the slipp'ry shores are dy'd,
 And slaughter'd heroes swell the dreadful tide.

Still raging Hector with his ample hand
 Grasps the high stern, and gives this loud command.

Haste, bring the flames! the toil of ten long years
 Is finish'd: and the day desir'd appears!
 This happy day with acclamations greet,
 Bright with destruction of yon' hostile fleet.

The coward counsels of a tim'rous throng
 Of rev'rend dotards, check'd our glory long :
 Too long Jove lull'd us with lethargic charms,
 But now in peals of thunder calls to arms :
 In this great day he crowns our full desires,
 Wakes all our force, and seconds all our fires.

He spoke—the warriors, at his fierce command,
 Pour a new deluge on the Grecian band.
 Ev'n Ajax paus'd, so thick the jav'lines fly,
 Step'd back, and doubted or to live, or die.
 Yet where the oars are plac'd, he stands to wait
 What chief approaching dares attempt his fate :
 Ev'n to the last, his naval charge defends,
 Now shakes his spear, now lifts, and now protends ;
 Ev'n yet, the Greeks with piercing shouts inspires,
 Amidst attacks, and deaths, and darts, and fires.

O friends ! O heroes ! names for ever dear,
 Once sons of Mars, and thunderbolts of war !
 Ah ! yet be mindful of your old renown,
 Your great forefathers virtues and your own.
 What aids expect you, in this utmost strait ?
 What bulwarks rising between you and fate ?
 No aids, no bulwarks your retreat attend,
 No friends to help, no city to defend.
 This spot is all you have, to lose or keep ;
 There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep.
 'Tis hostile ground you tread ; your native lands
 Far, far from hence : your fates are in your hands.
 Raging he spoke ; nor farther wastes his breath,
 But turns his jav'lin to the work of death.

Whate'er bold Trojan arm'd his daring hands,
 Against the sable ships with flaming brands,
 So well the chief his naval weapon sped,
 The luckless warrior at his stern lay dead;
 Full twelve, the boldest, in a moment fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

THE

I L I A D.

B O O K XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

The sixth battle : the acts and death of Patroclus.

Patroclus (in pursuance of the request of Nestor in the eleventh book) intreats Achilles to suffer him to go to the assistance of the Greeks with Achilles's troops and armour. He agrees to it, but at the same time charges him to content himself with rescuing the fleet, without farther pursuit of the enemy. The armour, horses, soldiers, and officers of Achilles are described. Achilles offers a libation for the success of his friend, after which Patroclus leads the Myrmidons to battle. The Trojans at the sight of Patroclus in Achilles's armour, taking him for that hero, are cast into the utmost consternation: he beats them off from the vessels. Hector himself flies, Sarpedon is killed, though Jupiter was averse to his fate. Several other particulars of the battle are described; in the heat of which, Patroclus, neglecting the orders of Achilles, pursues the foe to the walls of Troy; where Apollo repulses and disarms him, Euphorbus wounds him, and Hector kills him: which concludes the book.

SO warr'd both armies on th' ensanguin'd shore,
 While the black vessels smok'd with human gore
 Meantime Patroclus to Achilles flies;
 The streaming tears fall copious from his eyes;
 Not faster, trickling to the plains below,
 From the tall rock the fable waters flow.
 Divine Pelides, with compassion mov'd,
 Thus spoke, indulgent to his best lov'd.

Patroclus, say, what grief thy bosom bears,
 That flows so fast in these unmanly tears?
 No girl, no infant whom the mother keeps
 From her lov'd breast, with fonder passion weeps;
 Not more the mother's soul that infant warms,
 Clung to her knees, and reaching at her arms,
 Than thou hast mine! Oh tell me to what end
 Thy melting sorrows thus pursue thy friend?

Griev'st thou for me, or for my martial band?
 Or come sad tidings from our native land?
 Our fathers live, (our first, most tender care)
 Thy good Menoetius breathes the vital air,
 And hoary Peleus yet extends his days;
 Pleas'd in their age to hear their children's praise.

Or may some meaner cause thy pity claim?
 Perhaps you' reliques of the Grecian name,
 Doom'd in their ships to sink by fire and sword,
 And pay the forfeit of their haughty lord?
 Whate'er the cause, reveal thy secret care,
 And speak those sorrows which a friend would share.

A sigh, that instant, from his bosom broke,
 Another follow'd, and Patroclus spoke.

Let Greece at length with pity touch thy breast,
 Thyself a Greek; and, once, of Greeks the best!
 O! ev'ry chief that might her fate prevent,
 Lies pierc'd with wounds, and bleeding in his tent.
 Eurypylus, Etydides, Atreus' son,
 And wife Ulysses, at the navy groan
 More for their country's wounds, than for their own.
 Their pain, soft arts of pharmacy can ease,
 Thy breast alone no lenitives appease.
 May never rage like thine my soul enslave,
 O great in vain! unprofitably brave!
 Thy country slighted in her last distress,
 What friend, what man, from thee shall hope redress?
 No — men unborn, and ages yet behind,
 Shall curse that fierce, that unforgiving mind.

O man un pitying! if of man thy race;
 But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
 Nor ever am'rous hero caus'd thy birth,
 Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth.
 Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
 And raging seas produc'd thee in a storm,
 A soul well-suited that tempestuous kind,
 So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.

If some dire oracle thy breast alarm,
 If ought from Jove, or Thetis, stop thy arm,
 Some beam of comfort yet on Greece may shine,
 If I but lead the Myrmidonian line:
 Clad in thy dreadful arms if I appear,
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and desert the war:
 Without thy person Greece shall win the day,
 And thy mere image chase her foes away.

Prefs'd by fresh forces, her o'erlabour'd train
Shall quit the ships, and Greece respire again.

Thus, blind to fate! with supplicating breath,
Thou beg'st his arms, and in his arms thy death.
Unfortunately good! a boding sigh
Thy friend return'd; and with it, this reply.

Patroclus! thy Achilles knows no fears:
Nor words from Jove, nor oracles he hears;
Nor ought a mother's caution can suggest;
The tyrant's pride lies rooted in my breast.
My wrongs, my wrongs, my constant thought engage,
Those, my sole oracles, inspire my rage:
I made him tyrant: gave him pow'r to wrong
Ev'n me: I felt it; and shall feel it long.
The maid, my black-ey'd maid, he forc'd away,
Due to the toils of many a well-fought day;
Due to my conquest of her father's reign;
Due to the votes of all the Grecian train.
From me he forc'd her; me, the bold and brave;
Disgrac'd, dishonour'd, like the meanest slave.
But bear we this—the wrongs I grieve are past;
'Tis time our fury should relent at last:
I fix'd its date; the day I wish'd appears:
Now Hector to my ships his battle bears,
The flames my eyes, the shouts invade my ears.
Go then, Patroclus! court fair honour's charms
In Troy's fam'd fields, and in Achilles' arms:
Lead forth my martial Myrmidons to fight,
Go save the fleets, and conquer in my right.
See the thin reliques of their baffled band,
At the last edge of yon' deserted land!

Behold all Ilion on their ships descends ;
 How the cloud blackens, how the storm impends !
 It was not thus, when, at my sight amaz'd,
 Troy saw and trembled, as this helmet blaz'd :
 Had not th' injurious king our friendship lost,
 Yon' ample trench had bury'd half her host.
 No camps, no bulwarks now the Trojans fear,
 Those are not dreadful, no Achilles there :
 No longer flames the lance of Tydeus' son ;
 No more your gen'ral calls his heroes on ;
 Hektor, alone, I hear ; his dreadful breath
 Commands your slaughter, or proclaims your death.
 Yet now, Patroclus, issue to the plain ;
 Now save the ships, the rising fires restrain,
 And give the Greeks to visit Greece again. }
 But heed my words, and mark a friend's command,
 Who trusts his fame and honours in thy hand,
 And from thy deeds expects, th' Achaian host
 Shall render back theauteous maid he lost :
 Rage uncontroul'd through all the hostile crew,
 But touch not Hektor, Hektor is my due.
 Though Jove in thunder should command the war,
 Be just, consult my glory, and forbear. }
 The fleet once sav'd, desist from farther chace,
 Nor lead to Ilion's walls the Grecian race ;
 Some adverse god thy rashness may destroy ;
 Some god, like Phoebus, ever kind to Troy.
 Let Greece, redeem'd from this destructive strait,
 Do her own work, and leave the rest to fate.
 Oh ! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
 Apollo, Pallas, and Almighty Jove !

That not one Trojan might be left alive,
 And not a Greek of all the race survive;
 Might only we the vast destruction shun;
 And only we destroy th' accursed town!

Such conference held the chiefs: while on the strand
 Great Jove with conquest crown'd the Trojan band.
 Ajax no more the sounding storm sustain'd,
 So thick, the darts an iron tempest rain'd:
 On his tir'd arm the weighty buckler hung;
 His hollow helm with falling jav'lines rung;
 His breath, in quick, short pantings, comes, and goes;
 And painful sweat from all his members flows.
 Spent and o'erpower'd, he barely breathes at most;
 Yet scarce an army stirs him from his post:
 Dangers on dangers all around him grow,
 And toil to toil, and woe succeeds to woe.

Say, muses, thron'd above the starry frame,
 How first the navy blaz'd with Trojan flame?

Stern Hector wav'd his sword; and standing near
 Where furious Ajax ply'd his ashen spear,
 Full on the lance a stroke so justly sped,
 That the broad faulchion lopp'd its brazen head:
 His pointless spear the warrior shakes in vain;
 The brazen head falls sounding on the plain.
 Great Ajax saw, and own'd the hand divine,
 Confessing Jove, and trembling at the sign;
 Warn'd, he retreats. Then swift from all sides pour
 The hissing brands; thick streams the fiery show'r;
 O'er the high stern the curling volumes rise,
 And sheets of rolling smoke involve the skies.

Divine Achilles view'd the rising flames,
 And smote his thigh, and thus aloud exclaims.
 Arm, arm, Patroclus! Lo, the blaze aspires!
 The glowing ocean reddens with the fires.
 Arm, ere our vessels catch the spreading flame;
 Arm, ere the Grecians be no more a name;
 I haste to bring the troops.—The hero said;
 The friend with ardour, and with joy obey'd.

He cas'd his limbs in brags, and first around
 His manly legs, with silver buckles bound
 The clasping greaves; then to his breast applies
 The flaming cuirass, of a thousand dyes;
 Emblaz'd with studs of gold, his faulchion shone,
 In the rich belt, as in a starry zone.
 Achilles' shield his ample shoulders spread,
 Achilles' helmet nodded o'er his head.
 Adorn'd in all his terrible array,
 He flash'd around intolerable day.
 Alone, untouch'd, Pelides' jav'lin stands,
 Not to be pois'd but by Pelides' hands:
 From Pelion's shady brow the plant intire
 Old Chiron rent, and shap'd it for his sire;
 Whose son's great arm alone the weapon wields,
 The death of heroes, and the dread of fields.

Then brave Automedon (an honour'd name,
 The second to his lord in love and fame,
 In peace his friend, and partner of the war)
 The winged coursers harness'd to the car.
 Xanthus and Balius, of immortal breed,
 Sprung from the wind, and like the wind in speed;

Whom the wing'd Harpye, swift Podarge, bore,
 By Zephyr pregnant on the breezy shore.
 Swift Pedasus was added to their side,
 (Once great Aetion's, now Achilles' pride)
 Who, like in strength, in swiftness, and in grace,
 A mortal courser match'd th' immortal race.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warms
 His hardy Myrmidons to blood and arms.
 All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
 A grim, terrific, formidable band;
 Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs.
 When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings.
 (When some tall stag, fresh-slaughter'd in the wood,
 Has drench'd their wide, insatiate throats with blood)
 To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
 With paunch distended, and with rolling tongue,
 Fire fills their eye, their black jaws belch the gore,
 And gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
 Like furious, rush'd the Myrmidonian crew,
 Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

High in the midst the great Achilles stands,
 Directs their order, and the war commands.
 He, lov'd of Jove, had launch'd for Ilion's shores
 Full fifty vessels, mann'd with fifty oars:
 Five chosen leaders the fierce bands obey,
 Himself supreme in valour, as in sway.

First march'd Menestheus, of celestial birth,
 Deriv'd from thee, whose waters wash the earth,
 Divine Sperchius! Jove-descended flood!
 A mortal mother mixing with a god.

Such was Menestheus, but miscall'd by fame
The son of Borus, that espous'd the dame.

Eudorus next; whom Polymele the gay
Fam'd in the graceful dance, produc'd to day.
Her, fly Cellenius lov'd; on her would gaze,
As with swift step she form'd the running maze:
To her high chamber, from Diana's quire,
The god pursu'd her, urg'd, and crown'd his fire.
The son confess'd his father's heav'nly race,
And heir'd his mother's swiftness in the chace.
Strong Echeclus, blest in all those charms
That pleas'd a god, succeeded to her arms;
Not conscious of her love, long hid from fame,
With gifts of price he sought and won the dame;
Her secret offspring to her fire she bare;
Her fire caress'd him with a parent's care.

Pisander follow'd; matchless in his art
To wing the spear, or aim the distant dart;
No hand so sure of all th' Emathian line,
Or if a surer, great Patroclus! thine.

The fourth by Phoenix' grave command was grac'd;
Laerces' valiant offspring led the last.

Soon as Achilles, with superior care,
Had call'd the chiefs, and order'd all the war,
This stern remembrance to his troops he gave:
Ye far-fam'd Myrmidons, ye fierce and brave!
Think with what threats you dar'd the Trojan throng,
Think what reproach these ears endur'd so long,
" Stern son of Peleus, (thus ye us'd to say,
While restless, raging, in your ships you lay)

" Oh nurs'd with gall, unknowing how to yield!

" Whose rage defrauds us of so fam'd a field.

" If that dire fury must for ever burn,

" What make we here? Return, ye chiefs, return!"

Such were your words—Now, warriors, grieve no more.

Lo there the Trojans! bathe your swords in gore!

This day shall give you all your soul demands;

Glut all your hearts! and weary all your hands!

Thus while he rous'd the fire in ev'ry breast,
Close, and more close, the list'ning cohorts prest;
Ranks wedg'd in ranks; of arms a steely ring
Still grows, and spreads, and thickens round the king.

As when a circling wall the builder forms,
Of strength defensive against wind and storms,
Compacted stones the thick'ning work compose,
And round him wide the rising structure grows.
So helm to helm, and crest to crest they throng,
Shield urg'd on shield, and man drove man along:
Thick, undistinguish'd plumes, together join'd,
Float in one sea, and wave before the wind.

Far o'er the rest, in glitt'ring pomp appear,
There, bold Automedon; Patroclus here;
Brothers in arms, with equal fury fir'd;
Two friends, two bodies with one soul inspir'd.

But mindful of the gods, Achilles went
To the rich coffer in his shady tent:
There lay on heaps his various garments roll'd,
And costly furs, and carpets stiff with gold.
(The presents of the silver-footed dame)
From thence he took a bowl, of antique frame,

Which never man had stain'd with ruddy wine,
 Nor rais'd in off'rings to the pow'rs divine,
 But Peleus' son; and Peleus' son to none
 Had rais'd in off'rings, but to Jove alone.
 This ting'd with sulphur, sacred first to flame,
 He purg'd; and wash'd it in the running stream.
 Then cleans'd his hands; and fixing for a space
 His eyes on heav'n, his feet upon the place
 Of sacrifice, the purple draught he pour'd
 Forth in the midst: and thus the god implor'd.

O thou supreme! high-thron'd, all height above
 O great! Pelasgic, Dodonaean Jove!

Who 'midst surrounding frosts, and vapours chill,
 Preside on bleak Dodona's vocal hill:
 (Whose groves, the Selli, race austere! surround,
 Their feet unwash'd, their slumbers on the ground;
 Who hear, from rustling oaks, their dark decrees;
 And catch the fates, low-whisper'd in the breeze.)
 Hear, as of old! Thou gav'st, at Thetis' pray'r,
 Glory to me, and to the Greeks despair:
 Lo to the dangers of the fighting field
 The best, the dearest of my friends, I yield:
 Though still determin'd, to my ships confin'd,
 Patroclus gone, I stay but half behind.
 Oh! be his guard thy providential care,
 Confirm his heart, and string his arm to war:
 Press'd by his single force, let Hector see,
 His fame in arms not owing all to me.
 But when the fleets are sav'd from foes and fire,
 Let him with conquest and renown retire;

Preserve his arms, preserve his social train,
And safe return him to these eyes again!

Great Jove consents to half the chief's request,
But heav'n's eternal doom denies the rest;
To free the fleet was granted to his pray'r;
His safe return, the winds dispers'd in air.
Back to his tent the stern Achilles flies,
And waits the combat with impatient eyes.

Meanwhile the troops beneath Patroclus' care,
Invade the Trojans, and commence the war.
As wasps, provok'd by children in their play,
Pour from their mansions by the broad high-way,
In swarms the guiltless traveller engage,
Whet all their stings, and call forth all their rage;
All rise in arms, and with a gen'ral cry
Assert their waxen domes, and buzzing progeny.
Thus from the tents the fervent legion swarms,
So loud their clamours, and so keen their arms.
Their rising rage Patroclus' breath inspires,
Who thus inflames them with heroic fires.

Oh warriors, part'ners of Achilles' praise!
Be mindful of your deeds in ancient days:
Your godlike master let your acts proclaim,
And add new glories to his mighty name.
Think, your Achilles sees you fight: Be brave,
And humble the proud monarch whom you save.

Joyful they heard, and kindling as he spoke,
Flew to the fleet, involv'd in fire and smoke.
From shore to shore the doubling shouts resound,
The hollow ships return a deeper sound,

The war stood still, and all around them gaz'd,
 When great Achilles' shining armour blaz'd:
 Troy saw, and thought the dread Achilles nigh,
 At once they see, they tremble, and they fly.

Then first thy spear, divine Patroclus! flew,
 Where the war rag'd, and where the tumult grew.
 Close to the stern of that fam'd ship, which bore
 Unblest Proteſilaus to Ilion's shore,
 The great Poëonian, bold Pyraechmes, stood;
 (Who led his bands from Axius' winding flood)
 His shoulder-blade receives the fatal wound;
 The groaning warrior pants upon the ground.
 His troops, that see their country's glory slain,
 Fly diſverſe, ſcatter'd o'er the diſtant plain.
 Patroclus' arm forbids the ſpreading fires,
 And from the half-burn'd ſhip proud Troy retires:
 Clear'd from the ſmoke the joyful navy lies;
 In heaps on heaps the foe tumultuous lies:
 Triumphant Greece her reſcu'd decks aſcends,
 And loud acclaim the ſtarry region rends.
 So when thick clouds inwrap the mountain's head,
 O'er heav'n's expanſe like one black cieling ſpread:
 Sudden, the Thund'rer, with a ſaſhing ray,
 Burſts through the darkneſs, and lets down the day:
 The hills ſhine out, the rocks in proſpect riſe,
 And ſtreams, and vales, and foreſts ſtrike the eyes;
 The ſmiling ſcene wide opens to the ſight,
 And all th' unmeaſur'd æther flames with light.

But Troy repulſ'd, and ſcatter'd o'er the plains,
 Forc'd from the navy, yet the fight maintains.

Now ev'ry Greek some hostile hero slew,
 But still the foremost, bold Patroclus flew:
 As Arcilycus had turn'd him round,
 Sharp in his thigh he felt the piercing wound;
 The brazen-pointed spear, with vigour thrown,
 The thigh transfix'd, and broke the brittle bone:
 Headlong he fell. Next Thoas was thy chance,
 Thy breast, unarm'd, receiv'd the Spartan lance.
 Phylides' dart (as Amphiclus drew nigh)
 His blow prevented, and transpierc'd his thigh,
 Tore all the brawn, and rent the nerves away:
 In darkness, and in death, the warrior lay.

In equal arms two sons of Nestor stand,
 And two bold brothers of the Lycian band:
 By great Antilochus, Atymnius dies,
 Pierc'd in the flank, lamented youth! he lies.
 Kind Maris, bleeding in his brother's wound,
 Defends the breathless carcase on the ground;
 Furious he flies, his murd'rer to engage,
 But godlike Thrasimed prevents his rage,
 Between his arm and shoulder aims a blow,
 His arm falls spouting on the dust below:
 He sinks, with endless darkness cover'd o'er,
 And vents his soul effus'd with gushing gore.

Slain by two brothers, thus two brothers bleed,
 Sarpedon's friends, Amisodarus' seed;
 Amisodarus, who, by furies led,
 The bane of men, abhorr'd Chimaera bred;
 Skill'd in the dart in vain, his sons expire,
 And pay the forfeit of their guilty fire.

Stopp'd in the tumult Cleobulus lies,
 Beneath Oileus' arm, a living prize;
 A living prize not long the Trojan stood;
 The thirsty faulchion drank his reeking blood:
 Plung'd in his throat the smoaking weapon lies;
 Black death, and fate unpitying, seal his eyes.

Amid the ranks, with mutual thirst of fame,
 Lycon the brave, and fierce Peneleus came;
 In vain their jav'lines at each other flew,
 Now, met in arms, their eager swords they drew.
 On the plum'd crest of his Boeotian foe,
 The daring Lycon aim'd a noble blow;
 The sword broke short; but his, Peneleus sped
 Full on the juncture of the neck and head:
 The head, divided by a stroke so just,
 Hung by the skin: the body sunk to dust.

O'ertaken Neamas by Merion bleeds.
 Pierc'd through the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
 Back from the car he tumbles to the ground;
 His swimming eyes eternal shades surround.

Next Erymas was doom'd his fate to feel,
 His open'd mouth receiv'd the Cretan steel:
 Beneath the brain the point a passage tore,
 Crush'd the thin bones, and drown'd the teeth in gore:
 His mouth, his eyes, his nostrils pour a flood;
 He sobs his soul out in the gush of blood.

As when the flocks, neglected by the swain
 (Or kids, or lambs) lie scatter'd o'er the plain,
 A troop of wolves th'unguarded charge survey,
 And rend the trembling, unresisting prey.

Thus on the foe the Greeks impetuous came;
Troy fled, unmindful of her former fame.

But still at Hector godlike Ajax aim'd,
Still, pointed at his breast, his jav'lin flam'd:
The Trojan chief, experienc'd in the field,
O'er his broad shoulders spread the massy shield;
Observ'd the storm of darts the Grecians pour,
And on his buckler caught the ringing show'r.
He sees for Greece the scale of conquest rise,
Yet stops, and turns, and saves his lov'd allies.

As when the hand of Jove a tempest forms,
And rolls the cloud to blacken heav'n with storms,
Dark o'er the fields th' ascending vapour flies,
And shades the sun, and blots the golden skies:
So from the ships, along the dusky plain,
Dire Flight and Terror drove the Trojan train.
Ev'n Hector fled; through heaps of disarray
The fiery coursers forc'd their lord away:
While far behind, his Trojans fall confus'd,
Wedg'd in the trench, in one vast carnage bruis'd.
Chariots on chariots roll; the clashing spokes
Shock; while the madding steeds break short their yokes:
In vain they labour up the steepy mound;
Their charioteers lie foaming on the ground.
Fierce on the rear, with shouts, Patroclus flies;
Tumultuous clamour fills the fields and skies;
Thick drifts of dust involve their rapid flight,
Clouds rise on clouds, and heav'n is snatch'd from sight.
Th' affrighted steeds, their dying lords cast down,
Scour o'er the fields, and stretch to reach the town.

Loud o'er the rout was heard the victor's cry,
 Where the war bleeds, and where the thickest die.
 Where horse and arms, and chariots lie o'erthrown,
 And bleeding heroes under axles groan.
 No stop, no check, the steeds of Peleus knew;
 From bank to bank th'immortal coursers flew,
 High-bounding o'er the fosse: the whirling car
 Smoaks thro' the ranks, o'ertakes the flying war,
 And thunders after Hector; Hector flies,
 Patroclus shakes his lance; but fate denies.
 Not with less noise, with less impetuous force,
 The tyde of Trojans urge their desp'rate course,
 Than when in Autumn Jove his fury pours,
 And earth is loaden with incessant show'rs,
 (When guilty mortals break th' eternal laws,
 And judges brib'd, betray the righteous cause)
 From their deep beds he bids the rivers rise,
 And opens all the floodgates of the skies:
 Th'impetuous torrents from their hills obey,
 Whole fields are drown'd, and mountains swept away;
 Loud roars the deluge 'till it meets the main;
 And trembling man sees all his labours vain!

And now the chief (the foremost troops repell'd)
 Back to the ships his destin'd progress held,
 Bore down half Troy, in his resistless way,
 And forc'd the routed ranks to stand the day.
 Between the space where silver Simois flows,
 Where lay the fleets, and where the rampires rose,
 All grim in dust and blood, Patroclus stands,
 And turns the slaughter on the conqu'ring bands.

First Pronous dy'd beneath his fiery dart,
 Which pierc'd below the shield his valiant heart.
 Thestor was next; who saw the chief appear,
 And fell the victim of his coward fear;
 Shrunk up he sat, with wild and haggard eye,
 Nor stood to combat, nor had force to fly:
 Patroclus mark'd him as he shunn'd the war,
 And with unmanly tremblings shook the car,
 And dropp'd the flowing reins. Him 'twixt the jaws,
 The jav'lin sticks, and from the chariot draws:
 As on a rock that overhangs the main,
 An angler, studious of the line and cane,
 Some mighty fish draws panting to the shore;
 Not with less ease the barbed jav'lin bore
 The gaping dastard: as the spear was shook;
 He fell, and life his heartless breast forsook.

Next on Eryalus he flies; a stone
 Large as a rock, was by his fury thrown.
 Full on his crown the pond'rous fragment flew,
 And burst the helm, and cleft the head in two:
 Prone to the ground the breathless warrior fell,
 And death involv'd him with the shades of hell.
 Then low in dust Epaltes, Echius, lie;
 Ipheas, Evippus, Polymelus, die;
 Amphoterus, and Erymas succeed;
 And last, Tlepolemus and Pyres bleed.
 Where'er he moves, the growing slaughters spread
 In heaps on heaps; a monument of dead.

When now Sarpedon his brave friends beheld
 Grov'ling in dust, and gasping on the field,

With this reproach his flying host he warms,
 Oh stain to honour! oh disgrace to arms!
 Forfake, inglorious, the contended plain;
 This hand, unaided, shall the war sustain:
 The task be mine this hero's strength to try,
 Who mows whole troops, and makes an army fly.

He spake; and speaking, leaps from off the car;
 Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the war.
 As when two vultures on the mountains height
 Stoop with re-sounding pinions to the fight;
 They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming cry;
 The desert echoes, and the rocks reply:
 The warriors thus oppos'd in arms, engage
 With equal clamours, and with equal rage.

Jove view'd the combate, whose event foreseen,
 He thus bespoke his sister and his queen.
 The hour draws on; the destinies ordain,
 My godlike son shall press the Phrygian plain:
 Already on the verge of death he stands,
 His life is ow'd to fierce Patroclus' hands.
 What passions in a parent's breast debate!
 Say, shall I snatch him from impending fate,
 And send him safe to Lycia, distant far
 From all the dangers and the toils of war;
 Or to his doom my bravest offspring yield,
 And fatten, with celestial blood, the field?

Then thus the goddess with the radiant eyes;
 What words are these? O sov'reign of the skies!
 Short is the date prescrib'd to mortal man;
 Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow span,
 Whose bounds were fix'd before his race began?

How many sons of gods, foredoom'd to death,
 Before proud Ilion, must resign their breath!
 Were thine exempt, debate would rise above,
 And murm'ring pow'rs condemn their partial Jove.
 Give the bold chief a glorious fate in fight;
 And when th' ascending soul has wing'd her flight,
 Let Sleep and Death convey, by thy command,
 The breathless body to his native land.
 His friends and people, to his future praise,
 A marble tomb and pyramid shall raise,
 And lasting honours to his ashes give;
 His fame ('tis all the dead can have!) shall live.

She said; the cloud-compeller overcome,
 Assents to fate, and ratifies the doom.
 Then, touch'd with grief, the weeping heav'ns distill'd
 A show'r of blood o'er all the fatal field.
 The God, his eyes averting from the plain,
 Laments his son, predestin'd to be slain,
 Far from the Lycian shores, his happy native reign.

Now met in arms, the combatants appear,
 Each heav'd the shield, and pois'd the lifted spear:
 From strong Patroclus' hand the javelin fled,
 And pass'd the groin of valiant Thrasymed,
 The nerves unbrac'd no more his bulk sustain,
 He falls, and falling bites the bloody plain.
 Two sounding darts the Lycian leader threw;
 The first aloof with erring fury flew,
 The next transpierc'd Achilles mortal steed,
 The gen'rous Pedasus, of Theban breed;
 Fix'd in the shoulder's joint he reel'd around;
 Rowl'd in the bloody dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry ground.

His sudden fall th' entangled harness broke;
 Each axle crackled, and the chariot shook;
 When bold Automedon, to disengage
 The starting coursers, and restrain their rage,
 Divides the traces with his sword, and freed
 Th' incumber'd chariot from the dying steed:
 The rest move on, obedient to the rein;
 The car rolls slowly o'er the dusty plain.

The tow'ring chiefs to fiercer fight advance,
 And first Sarpedon whirl'd his weighty lance,
 Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,
 And spent in empty air its dying force.

Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart;
 Aim'd at his breast, it pierc'd the mortal part
 Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.

Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,
 Or pine (fit mast for some great admiral)
 Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound
 It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground;
 Thus fell the king; and laid on earth supine,
 Before his chariot stretch'd his form divine:
 He grasp'd the dust distain'd with streaming gore,
 And pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.
 So lies a bull beneath the lion's paws,
 While the grim savage grinds with foamy jaws
 The trembling limbs, and sucks the smoking blood;
 Deep groans, and hollow roars, rebellow thro' the wood.

Then to the leader of the Lycian band
 The dying chief address'd his last command,
 Glaucus, be bold; thy task be first to dare
 The glorious dangers of destructive war,

To lead my troops, to combat at their head,
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.
 Tell them, I charg'd them with my latest breath
 Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's death.
 What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,
 If these spoil'd arms adorn a Grecian foe?
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior, fight;
 Defend my corpse, and conquer in my right;
 That taught by great examples, all may try,
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceas'd; the fates suppress'd his lab'ring breath,
 And his eyes darken'd with the shades of death:
 Th'insulting victor with disdain bestrode
 The prostrate prince, and on his bosom trode;
 Then drew the weapon from his panting heart,
 The reeking fibres clinging to the dart;
 From the wide wound gush'd out a stream of blood,
 And the soul issu'd in the purple flood.

His flying steeds the Myrmidons detain,
 Unguided now, their mighty master slain.
 All-impotent of aid, transfix'd with grief,
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.
 His painful arm, yet useless with the smart
 Inflicted late by Teucer's deadly dart,
 Supported on his better hand he stay'd:
 To Phoebus then ('twas all he could) he pray'd.

All-seeing monarch! whether Lycia's coast,
 Or sacred Ilion, thy bright presence boast,
 Pow'rful alike to ease the wretch's smart;
 Oh hear me! God of ev'ry healing art!

Lo! stiff with clotted blood, and pierc'd with pain,
 That thrills my arm and shoots thro' ev'ry vein,
 I stand unable to sustain the spear,
 And sigh, at distance from the glorious war.
 Low in the dust is great Sarpedon laid,
 Nor Jove vouchsaf'd his hapless offspring aid.
 But thou, O god of health thy succour lend,
 To guard the reliques of my slaughter'd friend.
 For thou, tho' distant, canst restore my might,
 To head my Lycians, and support the fight.

Apollo heard; and suppliant as he stood,
 His heav'nly hand restrain'd the flux of blood;
 He drew the dolours from the wounded part,
 And breath'd a spirit in his rising heart.
 Renew'd by art divine, the hero stands,
 And owns th' assistance of immortal hands.
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,
 Then loudly calls on Troy's vindictive arms;
 With ample strides he stalks from place to place,
 Now fires Agenor, now Polydamas;
 Æneas next, and Hector he accosts;
 Inflaming thus the rage of all their hosts.

What thoughts, regardless chief! thy breast employ?
 Oh too forgetful of the friends of Troy!
 Those gen'rous friends, who, from their country far,
 Breathe their brave souls out, in another's war.
 See! where in dust the great Sarpedon lies,
 In action valiant, and in council wise,
 Who guarded right, and kept his people free;
 To all his Lycians lost, and lost to thee!

Stretch'd by Patroclus' arm on yonder plains,
 Oh save from hostile rage his lov'd remains :
 Ah let not Greece his conquer'd trophies boast,
 Nor on his corpse revenge her heroes lost.

He spoke ; each leader in his grief partook,
 Troy, at the loss, thro' all her legions shook.
 Transfix'd with deep regret, they view'd o'erthrown
 At once his country's pillar, and their own ;
 A chief, who led to Troy's beleaguer'd wall
 A host of heroes, and out-shin'd them all.
 Fir'd, they rush on ; first Hector seeks the foes,
 And with superior vengeance, greatly glows.

But o'er the dead the fierce Patroclus stands,
 And rousing Ajax, rous'd the list'ning bands.

Heroes, be men ! be what you were before ;
 Or weigh the great occasion, and be more.
 The chief who taught our lofty walls to yield,
 Lies pale in death, extended on the field.
 To guard his body Troy in numbers flies ;
 'Tis half the glory to maintain our prize.
 Haste, strip his arms, the slaughter round him spread,
 And send the living Lycians to the dead.

The heroes kindle at his fierce command ;
 The martial squadrons close on either hand :
 Here Troy and Lycia charge with loud alarms,
 Thessalia there, and Greece, oppose their arms.
 With horrid shouts they circle round the slain ;
 The clash of armour rings o'er all the plain.
 Great Jove, to swell the horrors of the fight,
 O'er the fierce armies pours pernicious Night,

And round his son confounds the warring hosts,
His fate ennobling with a croud of ghosts.

Now Greece gives way, and great Epigeus falls;
Agacleus' son, from Budium's lofty walls:

Who chas'd for murder thence, a suppliant came
To Peleus, and the silver-footed dame;

Now sent to Troy, Achilles' arms to aid,
He pays due vengeance to his kinsman's shade.

Soon as his luckless hand had touch'd the dead,
A rock's large fragment thunder'd on his head:

Hurl'd by Hectorean force, it cleft in twain
His shatter'd helm, and stretch'd him o'er the slain.

Fierce to the van of fight Patroclus came;
And, like an eagle darting at his game,

Sprung on the Trojan and the Lycian band;
What grief thy heart, what fury urg'd thy hand.

Oh gen'rous Greek! when with full vigour thrown
At Sthenelaus flew the weighty stone,

Which sunk him to the dead; when Troy, too near
That arm, drew back; and Hector learn'd to fear.

Far as an able hand a lance can throw,
Or at the lists, or at the fighting foe;

So far the Trojans from their lines retir'd;
'Till Glaucus' turning, all the rest inspir'd.

Then Bathyclaeus fell beneath his rage,
The only hope of Chalcon's trembling age:

Wide o'er the land was stretch'd his large domain,
With stately seats, and riches, blest in vain;

Him, bold with youth, and eager to pursue
The flying Lycians, Glaucus met, and slew;

Pierc'd thro' the bosom with a sudden wound,
He fell, and falling, made the fields resound.
Th' Achaians sorrow for their hero slain;
With conqu'ring shouts the Trojans shake the plain,
And croud to spoil the dead: The Greeks oppose:
An iron circle round the carcase grows.

Then brave Laogonus resign'd his breath,
Dispatch'd by Merion to the shades of death:
On Ida's holy hill he made abode,
The priest of Jove, and honour'd like his god.
Between the jaw and ear the jav'lin went;
The soul, exhaling, issu'd at the vent.
His spear Æneas at the victor threw,
Who stooping forward from the death withdrew;
The lance hit's'd harmless o'er his cov'ring shield,
And trembling strook, and rooted in the field,
There yet scarce spent, it quivers on the plain,
Sent by the great Æneas' arm in vain.
Swift as thou art, the raging hero cries,
And skill'd in dancing to dispute the prize,
My spear, the destin'd passage had it found,
Had fix'd thy active vigour to the ground.

Oh valiant leader of the Dardan host!
(Insulted Merion thus retorts the boast)
Strong as you are, 'tis mortal force you trust,
An arm as strong may stretch thee in the dust.
And if to this my lance thy fate be giv'n,
Vain are thy vaunts, success is still from heav'n;
This instant sends thee down to Pluto's coast,
Mine is the glory, his thy parting ghost.

O friend (Menoetius' son this answer gave)
 With words to combat, ill befits the brave :
 Not empty boasts the sons of Troy repell,
 Your swords must plunge them to the shades of hell.
 To speak, befits the council ; but to dare
 In glorious action, is the task of war.

This said, Patroclus to the battle flies ;
 Great Merion follows, and new shouts arise :
 Shields, helmets rattle, as the warriors close ;
 And thick and heavy sounds the storm of blows.
 As through the shrilling vale, or mountain ground,
 The labours of the woodman's ax resound ;
 Blows following blows are heard re-echoing wide,
 While crackling forests fall on every side.
 Thus echo'd all the fields with loud alarms,
 So fell the warriors, and so rung their arms.

Now great Sarpedon, on the sandy shore,
 His heav'nly form defac'd with dust and gore,
 And stuck with darts by warring heroes shed,
 Lies undistinguish'd from the vulgar dead.
 His long-disputed corse the chiefs inclose,
 On ev'ry side the busy combat grows ;
 Thick as beneath some shepherd's thatch'd abode,
 (The pails high-foaming with a milky flood)
 The buzzing flies, a persevering train,
 Incessant swarm, and chas'd, return again.†

Jove view'd the combat with a stern survey,
 And eyes that flash'd intolerable day ;
 Fix'd on the field his sight, his breast debates
 The vengeance due, and meditates the fates ;

Whether to urge their prompt effect, and call
 The force of Hector to Patroclus' fall,
 This instant see his short-liv'd trophies won,
 And stretch him breathless on his slaughter'd son;
 Or yet, with many a soul's untimely flight,
 Augment the fame and horror of the fight,
 To crown Achilles' valiant friend with praise
 At length he dooms; and that his last of days
 Shall set in glory; bids him drive the foe;
 Nor unattended, see the shades below.

Then Hector's mind he fills with dire dismay;
 He mounts his car, and calls his hosts away;
 Sunk with Troy's heavy fates, he sees decline
 The Scales of Jove, and pants with awe divine.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,
 And left their monarch with the common dead:
 Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall
 Of carnage rises, as the heroes fall.

(So Jove decreed!) at length the Greeks obtain
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain.
 The radiant arms are by Patroclus born,
 Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phoebus, in the realms above,
 Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.
 Descend, my Phoebus! on the Phrygian plain,
 And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain;
 Then bathe his body in the crystal flood,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with blood:
 O'er all his limbs ambrosial honours shed,
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.

Those rites discharg'd, his sacred corse bequeath
 To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death;
 They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear;
 What honours mortals after death receive,
 Those unavailing honours we may give!

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight;
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,
 Veil'd in a cloud, to silver Simois' shore:
 There bath'd his honourable wounds, and dress'd
 His manly members in th' immortal vest;
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,
 Restores his freshness, and his form renews.
 Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,
 Of matchless swiftness, but of silent pace,
 Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the god's command,
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land;
 The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,
 Where endless honours wait the sacred shade.

Meanwhile Patroclus pours along the plains,
 With foaming courfers, and with loosen'd reins.
 Fierce on the Trojan and the Lyeian crew,
 Ah blind to fate! thy headlong fury flew:
 Against what fate and pow'rful Jove ordain,
 Vain was thy friend's command, thy courage vain.
 For he, the god, whose counsels uncontroll'd,
 Dismay the mighty, and confound the bold:
 The god who gives, resumes, and orders all,
 He urg'd thee on, and urg'd thee on to fall.

Who first, brave hero! by that arm was slain,
 Who last, beneath thy vengeance, press'd the plain;
 When heav'n itself thy fatal fury led,
 And call'd to fill the number of the dead?
 Adrestus first; Autonus then succeeds,
 Echeclus follows; next young Megas bleeds;
 Epistor, Menalippus, bite the ground;
 The slaughter, Elafus and Mulus crown'd:
 Then sunk Pylartes to eternal night;
 The rest dispersing, trust their fates to flight.

Now Troy had stoop'd beneath his matchless pow'r,
 But flaming Phoebus kept the sacred tow'r.
 Thrice at the battlements Patroclus strook,
 His blazing Ægis thrice Apollo shook:
 He try'd the fourth; when, bursting from the cloud,
 A more than mortal voice was heard aloud.

Patroclus! cease: This heav'n-defended wall
 Defies thy lance; not fated yet to fall;
 Thy friend, thy greater far, it shall withstand,
 Troy shall not stoop ev'n to Achilles' hand.

So spoke the God, who darts celestial fires:
 The Greek obeys him, and with awe retires.
 While Hector checking at the Saeae gates
 His panting coursers, in his breast debates,
 Or in the field his forces to employ,
 Or draw the troops within the walls of Troy:
 Thus while he thought, beside him Phoebus stood,
 In Asius' shape, who reign'd by Sangar's flood;
 (Thy brother, Hecuba! from Dymas sprung;
 A valiant warrior, haughty, bold, and young.)

Thus he accosts him. What a shameful sight!
 Gods! is it Hector that forbears the fight?
 Were thine my vigour, this successful spear
 Should soon convince thee of so false a fear.
 Turn then, ah turn thee to the field of fame,
 And in Patroclus' blood efface thy shame.
 Perhaps Apollo shall thy arms succeed,
 And heav'n ordains him by thy lance to bleed.

So spoke th' inspiring god; then took his flight,
 And plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight.
 He bids Cebrión drive the rapid car;
 The lash resounds; the coursers rush to war.
 The god the Grecians sinking souls deprest,
 And pour'd swift spirits thro' each Trojan breast.
 Patroclus lights, impatient for the fight;
 A spear his left, a stone employs his right:
 With all his nerves he drives it at the foe;
 Pointed above, and rough and gross below:
 The falling ruin crush'd Cebrión's head;
 (The lawless offspring of king Priam's bed,)
 His front, brows, eyes, one undistinguish'd wound,
 The bursting balls drop sightless to the ground.
 The charioteer, while yet he held the rein,
 Struck from the car, falls headlong on the plain.
 To the dark shades the soul unwilling glides,
 While the proud victor thus his fall derides.

Good heav'n's! what active feats yon' artist shows,
 What skilful divers are our Phrygian foes!
 Mark with what ease they sink into the sand!
 Pity! that all their practice is by land.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase fierce Patroclus flies:
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain;
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.
 At once bold Hector leaping from his car,
 Defends the body and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellow through the shades.
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
 Mix the contending hosts in mortal fight.
 So pent by hills, the wild winds rore aloud
 In the deep bosom of some gloomy wood;
 Leaves, arms, and trees aloft in air are blown,
 The broad oaks crackle, and the Sylvans groan;
 This way, and that, the ratt'ling thicket bends,
 And the whole forest in one crash descends.
 Not with less noise, with less tumultuous rage,
 In dreadful shock the mingled hosts engage.
 Darts show'r'd on darts, now round the carcase ring;
 Now flights of arrows bounding from the string:
 Stones follow stones; some clatter on the fields,
 Some hard, and heavy, shake the sounding shields.
 But where the rising whirlwind clouds the plains,
 Sunk in soft dust the mighty chief remains,
 And stretch'd in death, forgets the guiding reins!

Now flaming from the zenith, Sol had driv'n
 His fervid orb through half the vault of heav'n;
 While on each host with equal tempest fell
 The show'ring darts, and numbers sunk to hell.
 But when his ev'ning wheels o'erhung the main,
 Glad conquest rested on the Grecian train.
 Then from amidst the tumult and alarms,
 They draw the conquer'd corse, and radiant arms.
 Then rash Patroclus with new fury glows,
 And breathing slaughter, pours amid the foes.
 Thrice on the press like Mars himself he flew,
 And thrice three heroes at each onset flew.
 There ends thy glory! there the fates untwine
 The last, black remnant of so bright a line.
 Apollo dreadful stops thy middle way;
 Death calls, and heav'n allows no longer day!
 For lo! the god in dusky clouds enshrin'd,
 Approaching dealt a stag'ring blow behind.
 The weighty shock his neck and shoulders feel;
 His eyes flash sparkles, his stunn'd senses reel
 In giddy darkness: far to distance flung,
 His bounding helmet on the champain rung.
 Achilles' plume is stain'd with dust and gore;
 That plume, which never stoop'd to earth before,
 Long us'd, untouch'd, in fighting fields to shine,
 And shade the temples of the man divine.
 Jove dooms it now on Hector's helm to nod;
 Not long——for fate pursues him, and the god.
 His spear in shivers falls: his ample shield
 Drops from his arm: his baldrick strows the field:

The corselet his astonish'd breast forsakes :
 Loose is each joint; each nerve with horror shakes
 Stupid he stares, and all-assistless stands :
 Such is the force of more than mortal hands !

A Dardan youth there was, well-known to fame,
 From Panthus sprung, Euphorbus was his name ;
 Fam'd, for the manage of the foaming horse,
 Skill'd in the dart, and matchless in the course :
 Full twenty knights he tumbled from the car,
 While yet he learn'd his rudiments of war,
 His vent'rous spear first drew the hero's gore ;
 He struck, he wounded, but he durst no more ;
 Nor though disarm'd, Patroclus' fury stood :
 But swift withdrew the long-protended wood,
 And turn'd him short, and herded in the croud.
 Thus, by an arm divine, and mortal spear,
 Wounded at once, Patroclus yields to fear,
 Retires for succour to his soeial train,
 And flies the fate, which heav'n decreed, in vain.
 Stern Hector, as the bleeding chief he views,
 Breaks through the ranks, and his retreat pursues :
 The lance arrests him with a mortal wound ;
 He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.
 With him all Greece was sunk ; that moment all
 Her yet-surviving heroes seem'd to fall.
 So scorch'd with heat, along the desert shore,
 The roaming lion meets a bristly boar,
 Fast by the spring ; they both dispute the flood,
 With flaming eyes, and jaws besmear'd with blood ;
 At length the sov'reign savage wins the strife,
 And the torn boar resigns his thirst and life.

Patroclus thus, so many chiefs o'erthrown,
 So many lives effus'd, expires his own.
 As dying now at Hector's feet he lies,
 He sternly views him, and triumphing cries.

Lie there, Patroclus! and with thee, the joy
 Thy pride once promis'd, of subverting Troy;
 The fancy'd scenes, of Ilion wrapt in flames,
 And thy soft pleasures serv'd with captive dames!
 Unthinking man! I fought, those tow'rs to free,
 And guard that beauteous race from lords like thee:
 But thou a prey to vultures shalt be made!
 Thy own Achilles cannot lend thee aid;
 Though much at parting that great chief might say,
 And much enjoin thee, this important day.

"Return not, my brave friend (perhaps he said)
 "Without the bloody arms of Hector dead;
 He spoke, Patroclus march'd, and thus he sped.

Supine, and wildly gazing on the skies,
 With faint, expiring breath, the chief replies.
 Vain boaster! cease, and know the pow'rs divine;
 Jove's and Apollo's is this deed, not thine;
 To heav'n is ow'd whate'er your own you call,
 And heav'n itself disarm'd me ere my fall.
 Had twenty mortals, each thy match in might,
 Oppos'd me fairly, they had sunk in fight:
 By fate and Phoebus was I first o'erthrown,
 Euphorbus next; the third mean part thy own.
 But thou, imperious! hear my latest breath;
 The gods inspire it, and it sounds thy death,
 Insulting man! thou shalt be soon, as I;
 Black fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws nigh;

Ev'n now on life's last verge I see thee stand,
I see thee fall, and by Achilles' hand.

He faints; the soul unwilling wings her way,
(The beauteous body left a load of clay)
Flits to the lone, uncomfortable coast;
A naked, wand'ring, melancholy ghost!

Then Hector pausing, as his eyes he fed
On the pale carcase, thus address'd the dead.
From whence this boding speech, the stern decree
Of death denounc'd, or why denounc'd to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be giv'n
To Hector's lance? Who knows the will of heav'n?

Pensive he said; then pressing as he lay
His breathless bosom, tore the lance away;
And upwards cast the corse: the recking spear
He shakes, and charges the bold charioteer.
But swift Automedon with loosen'd reins
Rapt in the chariot o'er the distant plains,
Far from his rage th' immortal coursers drove;
Th' immortal coursers were the gift of Jove.

T H E

I L I A D.

B O O K X V I I I.

T H E A R G U M E N T.

The seventh battle, for the body of Patroclus: the acts of Menelaus.

Menelaus, upon the death of Patroclus, defends his body from the enemy: Euphorbus, who attempts it, is slain. Hector advancing, Menelaus retires: but soon returns with Ajax, and drives him off. This Glaucus objects to Hector as a slight, who thereupon puts on the armour he had won from Patroclus, and renews the battle. The Greeks give way, till Ajax rallies them: Æneas sustains the Trojans. Æneas and Hector attempt the chariot of Achilles, which is borne off by Automedon. The horses of Achilles deplore the death of Patroclus: Jupiter covers his body with a thick darkness: the noble prayer of Ajax on that occasion. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles, with the news of Patroclus's death: then returns to the fight, where, though attacked with the utmost fury, he and Meriones assisted by the Ajaxes, bear off the body to the ships.

The time is the evening of the eight and twentieth day. The scene lies in the fields before Troy.

ON the cold earth divine Patroclus spread,
Lies pierc'd with wounds among the vulgar dead
Great Menelaus, touch'd with gen'rous woe,
Springs to the front, and guards him from the foe:
Thus round her new-fall'n young, the heifer moves,
Fruit of her throes, and first-born of her loves,
And anxious, (helpless as he lies, and bare)
Turns, and re-turns her, with a mother's care.
Oppos'd to each that near the carcase came,
His broad shield glimmers, and his lances flame.

The son of Panthus, skill'd the dart to send,
Eyes the dead hero, and insults the friend.
This hand, Atrides, laid Patroclus low;
Warrior! desist, nor tempt an equal blow:
To me the spoils my prowess won, resign;
Depart with life, and leave the glory mine.

The Trojan thus: the Spartan monarch burn'd
With gen'rous anguish, and in scorn return'd.
Laugh'st thou not, Jove! from thy superior throne,
When mortals boast of prowess not their own?
Not thus the lion glories in his might,
Nor panther braves his spotted foe in fight,
Nor thus the boar (those terrors of the plain)
Man only vaunts his force, and vaunts in vain.
But far the vainest of the boastful kind
These sons of Panthus vent their haughty mind.
Yet 'twas but late, beneath my conqu'ring steel
This boaster's brother, Hyperenor fell,
Against our arm, which rashly he defy'd,
Vain was his vigour, and as vain his pride.

These eyes beheld him on the dust expire,
 No more to cheer his spouse, or glad his fire.
 Presumptuous youth! like his shall be thy doom,
 Go, wait thy brother to the Stygian gloom;
 Or while thou may'st, avoid the threaten'd fate;
 Fools stay to feel it, and are wise too late.

Unmov'd, Euphorbus thus: That action known,
 Come, for my brother's blood repay thy own.
 His weeping father claims thy destin'd head,
 And spouse, a widow in her bridal bed.
 On these thy conquer'd spoils I shall bestow,
 To sooth her consort's and a parent's woe.
 No longer then defer the glorious strife,
 Let heav'n decide our fortune, fame, and life.

Swift as the word the missive lance he flings,
 The well-aim'd weapon on the buckler rings,
 But blunted by the brass innoxious falls.
 On Jove the father, great Atrides calls,
 Nor flies the jav'lin from his arm in vain,
 It pierc'd his throat, and bent him to the plain:
 Wide through the neck appears the grizly wound,
 Prone sinks the warrior, and his arms resound.
 The shining circlets of his golden hair,
 Which ev'n the graces might be proud to wear,
 Instarr'd with gems and gold, bestrow the shore,
 With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.

As the young olive, in some sylvan scene,
 Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
 Lifts the gay head, in snowy flow'rets fair,
 And plays and dances to the gentle air;

When lo! a whirlwind from high-heav'n invades
 The tender plant and withers all its shades:
 It lies up-rooted from his genial bed,
 A lovely ruin now defac'd and dead.
 Thus young, thus beautiful, Euphorbus lay,
 While the fierce Spartan tore his arms away.
 Proud of his deed, and glorious in the prize,
 Affrighted Troy the tow'ring victor flies,
 Flies, as before some mountain lion's ire
 The village curs, and trembling swains retire;
 When o'er the slaughter'd bull they hear him rore,
 And see his jaws distil with smoking gore;
 All pale with fear, at distance scatter'd round,
 They shout incessant, and the vales resound.

Meanwhile Apollo view'd with envious eyes,
 And urg'd great Hector to dispute the prize,
 (In Mentès' shape, beneath whose martial care
 The rough Ciconians learn'd the trade of war)
 Forbear, he cry'd, with fruitless speed to chace
 Achilles' coursers of ethereal race;
 They stoop-not, these, to mortal man's command,
 Or stoop to none but great Achilles' hand.
 Too long amus'd with a pursuit so vain,
 Turn, and behold the brave Euphorbus slain!
 By Sparta slain! for ever now suppress'd
 The fire which burn'd in that undaunted breast!

Thus having spoke, Apollo wing'd his flight,
 And mix'd with mortals in the toils of fight:
 His words infix'd unutterable care
 Deep in great Hector's soul: through all the war

He darts his anxious eye, and instant, view'd
 The breathless hero in his blood imbru'd,
 (Forth welling from the wound, as prone he lay)
 And in the victor's hands the shining prey.
 Sheath'd in bright arms, through cleaving ranks he flies,
 And sends his voice in thunder to the skies:
 Fierce as a flood of flame by Vulcan sent,
 It flew, and fir'd the nations as it went.
 Atides from the voice the storm divin'd,
 And thus explor'd his own unconquer'd mind.

Then shall I quit Patroclus on the plain,
 Slain in my cause, and for my honour slain?
 Desert the arms, the relics of my friend?
 Or singly, Hector and his troops attend?
 Sure were such partial favour heav'n bestow'd,
 To brave the hero were to brave the god:
 Forgive me, Greece, if once I quit the field;
 'Tis not to Hector, but to heav'n I yield.
 Yet, nor the god, nor heav'n, should give me fear,
 Did but the voice of Ajax reach my ear:
 Still would we turn, still battle on the plains,
 And give Achilles all that yet remains
 Of his and our Patroclus——This, no more,
 The time allow'd: Troy thicken'd on the shore,
 A fable scene! The terrors Hector led.
 Slow he recedes, and fighting, quits the dead.

So from the fold th' unwilling lion parts,
 Forc'd by loud clamours, and a storm of darts;
 He flies indeed, but threatens as he flies,
 With heart indignant and retorted eyes.

Now enter'd in the Spartan ranks, he turn'd
 His manly breast, and with new fury burn'd,
 O'er all the black battalions sent his view,
 And through the cloud the god-like Ajax knew;
 Where lab'ring on the left the warrior stood,
 All grim in arms, and cover'd o'er with blood,
 There breathing courage, where the god of day
 Had sunk each heart with terror and dismay.

To him the king. Oh Ajax, oh my friend!
 Haste, and Patroclus' lov'd remains defend:
 The body to Achilles to restore,
 Demands our care; alas! we can no more!
 For naked now, despoil'd of arms he lies;
 And Hector glories in the dazzling prize.
 He said, and touch'd his heart. The raging pair
 Pierce the thick battle, and provoke the war.
 Already had stern Hector seiz'd his head,
 And doom'd to Trojan dogs th' unhappy dead;
 But soon as Ajax rear'd his tow'r-like shield,
 Sprung to his ear, and measur'd back the field.
 His train to Troy the radiant armour bear,
 To stand a trophy of his fame in war.

Meanwhile great Ajax, his broad shield display'd,
 Guards the dead hero with the dreadful shade;
 And now before, and now behind he stood:
 Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
 With many a step the lioness surrounds
 Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds;
 Elate her heart, and rousing all her pow'rs,
 Dark o'er the fiery balls, each hanging eye-brow low'rs.

Faſt by his ſide, the gen'rous Spartan glows
With great revenge, and feeds his inward woes.

But Glaucus, leader of the Lycian aids,
On Hector frowning, thus his ſlight upbraids.
Where now in Hector ſhall we Hector find?

A manly form, without a manly mind.
Is this, O chief! a hero's boated fame?

How vain, without the merit, is the name?
Since battle is renounc'd, thy thoughts employ

What other methods may preſerve thy Troy:
'Tis time to try if Ilion's ſtate can ſtand

By thee alone, nor aſk a foreign hand;
Mean, empty boaſt! but ſhall the Lycians ſtake

Their lives for you? Thoſe Lycians you forſake?
What from thy thankleſs arms can we expect?

Thy friend Sarpedon proves thy baſe neglect:
Say, ſhall our ſlaughter'd bodies guard your walls,

While unreveng'd the great Sarpedon falls?
Ev'n where he dy'd for Troy, you left him there,

A feaſt for dogs, and all the fowls of air.
On my command if any Lycian wait,

Hence let him march, and give up Troy to fate.
Did ſuch a ſpirit as the gods impart

Impel one Trojan hand, or Trojan heart;
(Such, as ſhould burn in ev'ry ſoul, that draws

The ſword for glory, and his country's cauſe)
Ev'n yet our mutual arms we might employ,

And drag yon' carcaſe to the walls of Troy.
Oh! were Patroclus ours, we might obtain

Sarpedon's arms, and honour'd corſe again!

Greece with Achilles' friend should be repaid,
 And thus due honours purchas'd to his shade.
 But words are vain——Let Ajax once appear,
 And Hector trembles and recedes with fear;
 Thou dar'st not meet the terrors of his eye;
 And lo! already thou prepar'st to fly.

The Trojan chief with fix'd resentment ey'd
 The Lycian leader, and sedate reply'd.

Say, is it just, my friend, that Hector's ear
 From such a warrior such a speech should hear?
 I deem'd thee once the wisest of thy kind,
 But ill this insult suits a prudent mind.
 I shun great Ajax! I desert my train!
 'Tis mine to prove the rash assertion vain;
 I joy to mingle where the battle bleeds,
 And hear the thunder of the sounding steeds.
 But Jove's high will is ever uncontrol'd,
 The strong he withers, and confounds the bold;
 Now crowns with fame the mighty man, and now
 Strikes the fresh garland from the victor's brow!
 Come, through yon' squadrons let us hew the way,
 And thou be witness, if I fear to day;
 If yet a Greek the sight of Hector dread,
 Or yet their hero dare defend the dead.

Then turning to the martial hosts, he cries,
 Ye Trojans, Dardans, Lycians, and allies!
 Be men, my friends, in action as in name,
 And yet be mindful of your ancient fame.
 Hector in proud Achilles' arms shall shine,
 Torn from his friend, by right of conquest mine.

He strode along the field, as thus he said :

(The sable plumage nodded o'er his head)
 Swift through the spacious plain he sent a look ;
 One instant saw, one instant overtook
 The distant band, that on the sandy shore
 The radiant spoils to sacred Ilion bore.
 There his own mail unbrac'd, the field bestrow'd ;
 His train to Troy convey'd the massy load.
 Now blazing in th' immortal arms he stands,
 The work and present of celestial hands ;
 By aged Peleus to Achilles giv'n,
 As first to Peleus by the court of heav'n :
 His father's arms not long Achilles wears,
 Forbid by fate to reach his father's years.

Him, proud in triumph, glitt'ring from afar
 The god whose thunder rends the troubled air,
 Beheld with pity ; as apart he fate,
 And conscious, look'd through all the scene of fate.
 He shook the sacred honours of his head ;
 Olympus trembled, and the Godhead said :

Ah wretched man ! unmindful of thy end !
 A moment's glory, and what fates attend ?
 In heav'nly panoply divinely bright
 Thou stand'st, and armies tremble at thy sight.
 As at Achilles' self, beneath thy dart
 Lies slain the great Achilles' dearer part :
 Thou from the mighty dead those arms hast torn,
 Which once the greatest of mankind had worn.
 Yet live ! I give thee one illustrious day,
 A blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away.

For ah! no more Andromache shall come,
 With joyful tears to welcome Hector home;
 No more officious, with endearing charms,
 From thy tir'd limbs unbrace Pelides' arms!

Then with his sable brow he gave the nod,
 That seals his word; the sanction of the god.
 The stubborn arms, (by Jove's command dispos'd)
 Conform'd spontaneous, and around him clos'd;
 Fill'd with the god, enlarg'd his members grew,
 Through all his veins a sudden vigour flew,
 The blood in brisker tides began to roll,
 And Mars himself came rushing on his soul.
 Exhorting loud through all the field he strode,
 And look'd, and mov'd, Achilles, or a god.
 Now Meathles, Glaucus, Medon he inspires,
 Now Phorcys, Chromius, and Hippothous fires;
 The great Thersilochus like fury found,
 Asteropæus kindled at the sound,
 And Ennomus, in augury renown'd.
 Hear, all ye hosts, and hear, unnumber'd bands
 Of neighb'ring nations, or of distant lands!
 'Twas not for state we summon'd you so far,
 To boast our numbers, and the pomp of war;
 Ye came to fight; a valiant foe to chase,
 To save our present, and our future race.
 For this, our wealth, our products you enjoy,
 And glean the relics of exhausted Troy.
 Now then to conquer or to die prepare,
 To die, or conquer, are the terms of war.
 Whatever hand shall win Patroclus slain,
 Whoe'er shall drag him to the Trojan train,

With Hector's self shall equal honours claim ;
 With Hector part the spoil, and share the fame.

Fir'd by his words, the troops dismiss their fears,
 They join, they thicken, they pretend their spears ;
 Full on the Greeks they drive in firm array,
 And each from Ajax hopes the glorious prey :
 Vain hope ! what numbers shall the field o'erspread,
 What victims perish round the mighty dead ?

Great Ajax mark'd the growing storm from far,
 And thus bespoke his brother of the war.
 Our fatal day, alas ! is come, my friend,
 And all our wars and glories at an end !

'Tis not this corse alone we guard in vain,
 Condemn'd to vultures on the Trojan plain ;
 We too must yield : the same sad fate must fall
 On thee, on me, perhaps, my friend, on all.
 See what a tempest direful Hector spreads,
 And lo ! it bursts, it thunders on our heads !
 Call on our Greeks, if any hear the call,
 The bravest Greeks : this hour demands them all.

The warrior rais'd his voice, and wide around
 The field re-echo'd the distressful sound,
 Oh chiefs ! oh princes ! to whose hand is giv'n
 The rule of men ; whose glory is from heav'n !
 Whom with due honours both Atrides grace :
 Ye guides and guardians of our Argive race !
 All, whom this well-known voice shall reach from far,
 All, whom I see not through this cloud of war,
 Come all ! let gen'rous rage your arms employ,
 And save Patroclus from the dogs of Troy.

Oilean Ajax first the voice obey'd,
 Swift was his pace, and ready was his aid;
 Next him Idomeneus, more slow with age,
 And Merion, burning with a hero's rage.
 The long-succeeding numbers who can name?
 But all were Greeks, and eager all for fame.
 Fierce to the charge great Hector led the throng;
 Whole Troy embodied, rush'd with shouts along.
 Thus, when a mountain-billow foams and raves,
 Where some swollen river disembogues his waves,
 Full in the mouth is stopp'd the rushing tide,
 The boiling ocean works from side to side,
 The river trembles to his utmost shore,
 And distant rocks rebellow to the rore.

Nor less resolv'd, the firm Achaian band
 With brazen shields in horrid circle stand:
 Jove, pouring darkness o'er the mingled fight,
 Conceals the warriors shining helms in night:
 To him, the chief for whom the hosts contend,
 Had liv'd not hateful, for he liv'd a friend:
 Dead he protects him with superior care,
 Nor dooms his carcase to the birds of air.

The first attack the Grecians scarce sustain,
 Repuls'd, they yield; the Trojans seize the slain:
 Then fierce they rally, to revenge led on
 By the swift rage of Ajax Telamon.
 (Ajax, to Peleus' son the second name,
 In graceful stature next, and next in fame.)
 With headlong force the foremost ranks he tore;
 So through the thicket bursts the mountain boar,

And rudely scatters, far to distance round,
 The frighted hunter and the baying hound.
 The son of Lethus, brave Pelasgus' heir,
 Hippothous, dragg'd the carcase through the war;
 The sinewy ancles bor'd, the feet he bound
 With thongs, inserted thro' the double wound:
 Inevitable fate o'er-takes the deed;
 Doom'd by great Ajax' vengeful lance to bleed;
 It cleft the helmet's brazen cheeks in twain;
 The shatter'd crest, and horse-hair, strow the plain;
 With nerves relax'd he tumbles to the ground:
 The brain comes gushing from the ghastly wound;
 He drops Patroclus' foot, and o'er him spread
 Now lies, a sad companion of the dead:
 Far from Larissa lies, his native air,
 And ill requites his parent's tender care.
 Lamented youth! in life's first bloom he fell,
 Sent by great Ajax to the shades of hell.

Once more at Ajax, Hector's jav'lin flies;
 The Grecian marking, as it cut the skies,
 Shunn'd the descending death; which hissing on,
 Stretch'd in the dust the great Iphytus' son,
 Schedius the brave, of all the Phocian kind
 The boldest warrior, and the noblest mind:
 In little Panope for strength renown'd,
 He held his seat, and rul'd the realms around.
 Plung'd in his throat, the weapon drank his blood,
 And deep transpiercing, through the shoulder stood;
 In clanging arms the hero fell, and all
 The fields resounded with his weighty fall.

Phorcys, as slain Hippothous he defends,
 The Telamonian lance his belly rends ;
 The hollow armour burst before the stroke,
 And through the wound the rushing entrails broke,
 In strong convulsions panting on the sands
 He lies, and grasps the dust with dying hands.

Struck at the sight, recede the Trojan train :
 The shouting Argives strip the heroes slain.
 And now had Troy, by Greece compell'd to yield,
 Fled to her ramparts, and resign'd the field ;
 Greece, in her native fortitude elate,
 With Jove averse, had turn'd the scale of fate :
 But Phoebus prg'd Æneas to the fight ;
 He seem'd like aged Periphas to fight.
 (A herald in Anchises' love grown old,
 Rever'd for prudence, and with prudence, bold)

Thus he——what methods yet, oh chief! remain,
 To save your Troy, though heav'n its fall ordain ?
 There have been heroes, who by virtuous care,
 By valour, numbers, and by arts of war,
 Have forc'd the pow'rs to spare a sinking state,
 And gain'd at length the glorious odds of fate.
 But you, when fortune smiles, when Jove declares
 His partial favour, and assists your wars,
 Your shameful efforts 'gainst yourselves employ,
 And force th' unwilling god to ruin Troy.

Æneas through the form assum'd descries
 The pow'r conceal'd, and thus to Hector cries.
 Oh lasting shame! to our own fears a prey,
 We seek our ramparts, and desert the day.

A god, nor is he less, my bosom warms,
And tells me, Jove asserts the Trojan arms.

He spoke, and foremost to the combat flew:
The bold example all his hosts pursue.

Then first, Leocritus beneath him bled,
In vain belov'd by valiant Lycomede;

Who view'd his fall, and grieving at the chance,
Swift to revenge it, sent his angry lance;

The whirling lance, with vig'rous force addrest,
Descends, and pants in Apisaon's breast:

From rich Paeonia's vales the warrior came,
Next thee, Asteropaeus! in place and fame.

Asteropaeus with grief beheld the slain,
And rush'd to combat, but he rush'd in vain:

Indissolubly firm, around the dead,
Rank within rank, on buckler buckler spread,

And hem'd with bristled spears, the Grecians stood;
A brazen bulwark, and an iron wood.

Great Ajax eyes them with incessant care,
And in an orb contracts the crouded war,

Close in their ranks commands to fight or fall,
And stands the centre and the soul of all:

Fixt on the spot they war; and wounded, wound;
A sanguine torrent steeps the reeking ground;

On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans bled,
And thick'ning round them, rise the hills of dead.

Greece, in close order, and collected might,
Yet suffers least, and sways the wav'ring fight;

Fierce as conflicting fires, the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks, by turns.

In one thick darkness all the fight was lost;
 The sun, the moon, and all th' aetherial host
 Seem'd as extinct; day ravish'd from their eyes,
 And all heav'n's splendors blotted from the skies.
 Such o'er Patroclus' body hung the night,
 The rest in sun-shine fought, and open light:
 Unclouded there, th' aerial azure spread,
 No vapour rested on the mountain's head,
 The golden sun pour'd forth a stronger ray,
 And all the broad expansion flam'd with day.
 Dispers'd around the plain, by fits they fight,
 And here, and there, their scatter'd arrows light:
 But death and darkness o'er the carcase spread,
 There burn'd the war, and there the mighty bled.

Meanwhile the sons of Nestor, in the rear,
 Their fellows routed, toss the distant spear,
 And skirmish wide: so Nestor gave command,
 When from the ships he sent the Pylian band.
 The youthful brothers thus for fame contend,
 Nor knew the fortune of Achilles' friend;
 In thought they view'd him still, with martial joy,
 Glorious in arms, and dealing deaths to Troy.

But round the corse, the heroes pant for breath,
 And thick and heavy grows the work of death:
 O'erlabour'd now, with dust, and sweat, and gore,
 Their knees, their legs, their feet are cover'd o'er;
 Drops follow drops, the clouds on clouds arise,
 And carnage clogs their hands, and darkness fills their
 As when a slaughter'd bull's yet recking hide, [eyes;
 Strain'd with full force, and tugg'd from side to side,

The brawny curriers stretch ; and labour o'er
 Th' extended surface, drunk with fat and gore ;
 So tugging round the corse both armies stood ;
 The mangled body bath'd in sweat and blood :
 While Greeks and Ilians equal strength employ.
 Now to the ships to force it, now to Troy.
 Not Pallas' self, her breast when fury warms,
 Nor he, whose anger sets the world in arms,
 Could blame this scene ; such rage, such horror reign'd ;
 Such, Jove to honour the great dead ordain'd.

Achilles in his ships at distance lay,
 Nor knew the fatal fortune of the day ;
 He, yet unconseious of Patroclus' fall,
 In dust extended under Ilion's wall,
 Expects him glorious from the conquer'd plain,
 And for his wish'd return prepares in vain ;
 Though well he knew, to make proud Ilion bend,
 Was more than heav'n had destin'd to his friend,
 Perhaps to him : this Thetis had reveal'd ;
 The rest, in pity to her son, conceal'd.

Still rag'd the conflict round the hero dead,
 And heaps on heaps, by mutual wounds they bled.
 Curs'd be the man (ev'n private Greeks would say)
 Who dares desert this well-disputed day !
 First may the cleaving earth before our eyes
 Gape wide, and drink our blood for sacrifice !
 First perish all, ere haughty Troy shall boast
 We lost Patroclus, and our glory lost.

Thus they. While with one voice the Trojans said,
 Grant this day, Jove ! or heap us on the dead !

Then clafh their founding arms; the clangors rife,
And fhake the brazen concave of the fkyes.

Meantime, at diftance from the fcene of blood,
The pensive fteeds of great Achilles flood;
Their godlike mafter flain before their eyes,
They wept, and fhar'd in human miferies.
In vain Automedon now fhakes the rein,
Now plies the lash, and foothes and threats in vain;
Nor to the fight, nor Hellespont they go,
Reftive they flood, and obftinate in woe:
Still as a tomb-ftone, never to be mov'd,
On fome good man, or woman unrepov'd
Lays its eternal weight; or fix'd, as ftands
A marble courfer by the fculptor's hands,
Plac'd on the hero's grave. Along their face,
The big round drops cours'd down with filent pace,
Conglobing on the duft. Their manes, that late
Circled their arch'd necks, and wav'd in ftate,
Trail'd on the duft beneath the yoke were fpread,
And prone to earth was hung their languid head:
Nor Jove difdain'd to caft a pitying look,
While thus relenting to the fteeds he fpoke.

Unhappy courfers of immortal ftain!
Exempt from age, and deathlefs now in vain;
Did we your race on mortal man beftow,
Only, alas! to fhare in mortal woe?
For ah! what is there, of inferior birth,
That breathes or creeps upon the duft of earth;
What wretched creature of what wretched kind,
Than man more weak, calamitous, and blind?

A miserable race! but cease to mourn:
 For not by you shall Priam's sons be borne
 High on the splendid car: one glorious prize
 He rashly boasts; the rest our will denies.
 Ourselves will swiftness to your nerves impart,
 Ourselves with rising spirits swell your heart,
 Automedon your rapid flight shall bear
 Safe to the navy thro' the storm of war.
 For yet 'tis giv'n to Troy, to ravage o'er
 The field, and spread her slaughters to the shore;
 The sun shall see her conquer, 'till his fall
 With sacred darkness shades the face of all.

He said; and breathing in th' immortal horse
 Excessive spirit, urg'd them to the course;
 From their high manes they shake the dust, and bear
 The kindling chariot thro' the parted war:
 So flies a vulture thro' the clam'rous train
 Of geese, that scream, and scatter round the plain,
 From danger now with swiftest speed they flew,
 And now to conquest with like speed pursue;
 Sole in the seat the charioteer remains,
 Now plies the jav'lin, now directs the reins:
 Him brave Alcimedon beheld distressed,
 Approach'd the chariot, and the chief address'd.

What god provokes thee, rashly thus to dare,
 Alone, unaided, in the thickest war?
 Alas! thy friend is slain, and Hector wields
 Achilles' arms triumphant in the fields.

In happy time, the charioteer replies,
 The bold Alcimedon now greets my eyes;

No Greek like him, the heav'nly steeds restrains,
 Or holds their fury in suspended reins :
 Patroclus, while he liv'd, their rage could tame,
 But now Patroclus is an empty name!
 To thee I yield the seat, to thee resign
 The ruling charge: the task of fight be mine.

He said. Alcimedon with active heat,
 Snatches the reins, and vaults into the seat.
 His friend descends. The chief of Troy descry'd,
 And call'd Æneas fighting near his side.
 Lo, to my sight beyond our hope restor'd;
 Achilles' car, deserted of its lord!
 The glorious steeds our ready arms invite,
 Scarce their weak drivers guide them thro' the fight:
 Can such opponents stand, when we assail?
 Unite thy force, my friend, and we prevail.

The son of Venus to the counsel yields;
 Then o'er their backs they spread their solid shields;
 With brasses resplendent the broad surface shin'd,
 And thick bull-hides the spacious concave lin'd.
 Then Chromius follows, Aretus succeeds,
 Each hopes the conquest of the lofty steeds:
 In vain, brave youths, with glorious hopes ye burn,
 In vain advance! not fated to return.

Unmov'd, Automedon attends the fight,
 Implores th' Eternal, and collects his might,
 Then turning to his friend, with dauntless mind:
 Oh keep the foaming coursers close behind!
 Full on my shoulders let their nostrils blow,
 For hard the fight, determin'd is the foe;

'Tis Hector comes; and when he seeks the prize,
War knows no mean; he wins it, or he dies.

Then thro' the field he sends his voice aloud,
And calls th' Ajaces from the warring croud,
With great Atrides. Hither turn, he said,
Turn, where distress demands immediate aid;
The dead, encircled by his friends, forego,
And save the living from a fiercer foe.
Unhelp'd we stand, unequal to engage
The force of Hector, and Æneas' rage:
Yet mighty as they are, my force to prove,
Is only mine: th' event belongs to Jove.

He spoke, and high the sounding jav'lin flung,
Which pass'd the shield of Aretus the young;
It pierc'd his belt, emboss'd with curious art;
Then in the lower belly stuck the dart.
As when a pond'rous axe, descending full,
Cleaves the broad forehead of some-brawny bull;
Struck 'twixt the horns, he springs with many a bound,
Then tumbling rolls enormous on the ground:
Thus fell the youth; the air his soul receiv'd,
And the spear trembled as his entrails heav'd.

Now at Automedon the Trojan foe
Discharg'd his lance; the meditated blow,
Stooping, he shun'd, the jav'lin idly fled,
And hiss'd innoxious o'er the hero's head:
Deep rooted in the ground, the forceful spear,
In long vibrations spent its fury there.
With clashing faulchions now the chiefs had clos'd,
But each brave Ajax heard, and interpos'd;

Nor longer Hector with his Trojans stood;
 But left their slain companion in his blood:
 His arms Automedon divests, and cries,
 Accept, Patroclus! this mean sacrifice.
 Thus have I sooth'd my griefs, and thus have paid,
 Poor as it is, some off'ring to thy shade.

So looks a lion o'er the mangled boar;
 All grim with rage, and horrible with gore:
 High on the chariot at one bound he sprung,
 And o'er his seat the bloody trophies hung.

And now Minerva, from the realms of air
 Descends impetuous, and renews the war;
 For, pleas'd at length the Grecian arms to aid,
 The lord of thunders sent the blue-ey'd maid
 As when high Jove, denouncing future woe,
 O'er the dark clouds extends his purple bow,
 (In sign of tempests from the troubled air,
 Or from the rage of man, destructive war)
 The drooping cattle dread th' impending skies,
 And from the half-till'd field the lab'rer flies.
 In such a form the goddess round her drew
 A livid cloud, and to the battle flew.
 Assuming Phoenix' shape, on earth she falls,
 And in his well known voice to Sparta calls.
 And lies Achilles' friend, belov'd by all,
 A prey to dogs beneath the Trojan wall?
 What shame to Greece for future times to tell,
 To thee the greatest, in whose cause he fell!

Oh chief! oh father! Atreus' son replies,
 Oh full of days! by long experience wise!

What more desires my soul, than here unmov'd
 To guard the body of the man I lov'd?
 Ah would Minerva send me strength to rear
 This weary'd arm, and ward the storm of war!
 But Hector, like the rage of fire, we dread,
 And Jove's own glories blaze around his head.

Pleas'd to be first of all the pow'rs address'd,
 She breathes new vigour in her hero's breast,
 And fills with keen revenge, with fell despight,
 Desire of blood, and rage, and lust of fight.
 So burns the vengeful hornet, foul all o'er,
 Repuls'd in vain, and thirsty still of gore;
 Bold son of Air and Heat, on angry wings
 Untam'd, untir'd, he turns, attacks, and stings,
 Fir'd with like ardour fierce Atrides flew,
 And sent his soul with ev'ry lance he threw.

There stood a Trojan, not unknown to fame,
 Eëtion's son, and Podes was his name;
 With riches honour'd, and with courage blest,
 By Hector lov'd, his comrade, and his guest;
 Through his broad belt the spear a passage found,
 And pond'rous as he falls, his arms resound.
 Sudden at Hector's side Apollo stood,
 Like Phaenops, Asius son, appear'd the god;
 (Asius the great, who held his wealthy reign
 In fair Abydos, by the rolling main)

Oh prince, he cry'd, oh foremost once in fame;
 What Grecian now shall tremble at thy name!
 Dost thou at length, to Menelaus yield?
 A chief once thought no terror of the field;

Yet singly, now, the long-disputed prize
 He bears victorious, while our army flies,
 By the same arm illustrious Podes bled,
 The friend of Hector, unreveng'd, is dead:
 This heard, o'er Hector spreads a cloud of woe,
 Rage lifts his lance, and drives him on the foe.

But now th' Eternal shook his sable shield,
 That shaded Ide, and all the subject field
 Beneath its ample verge: A rolling cloud
 Involv'd the mount; the thunder roar'd aloud;
 Th' affrighted hills from their foundations nod,
 And blaze beneath the lightnings of the god:
 At one regard of his all-seeing eye,
 The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly.

Then trembled Greece: the flight Peneleus led;
 For as the brave Boeotian turn'd his head
 To face the foe, Polydamas drew near,
 And raz'd his shoulder with a shorten'd spear:
 By Hector wounded, Leitus quits the plain,
 Pierc'd thro' the wrist; and raging with the pain,
 Grasps his once formidable lance in vain.

As Hector follow'd, Idomen address:
 The flaming jav'lin to his manly breast;
 The brittle point before his corselet yields;
 Exulting Troy with clamour fills the fields:
 High on his chariot as the Cretan stood,
 The son of Priam whirl'd the missive wood;
 But erring from its aim, th' impetuous spear
 Struck to the dust the squire and charioteer
 Of martial Merion; Coeranus his name,
 Who left fair Lyctos for the fields of fame.

On foot bold Merion fought; and now laid low,
 Had grac'd the triumphs of his Trojan foe;
 But the brave squire the ready coursers brought,
 And with his life his master's safety bought.
 Between his cheek and ear the weapon went,
 The teeth it shatter'd, and the tongue it rent.
 Prone from the feat he tumbles to the plain;
 His dying hand forgets the falling rein:
 This Merion reaches, bending from the car,
 And urges to desert the hopeless war;
 Idomeneus consents; the lash applies;
 And the swift chariot to the navy flies.

Nor Ajax less the will of heav'n descry'd,
 And conquest shifting to the Trojan side,
 Turn'd by the hand of Jove. Then thus begun,
 To Atreus' seed, the godlike Telamon.

Alas! who sees not Jove's almighty hand
 Transfers the glory to the Trojan band?
 Whether the weak or strong discharge the dart,
 He guides each arrow to a Grecian heart:
 Not so our spears: incessant though they rain,
 He suffers ev'ry lance to fall in vain.
 Deserted of the god, yet let us try
 What human strength and prudence can supply;
 If yet this honour'd corse, in triumph borne,
 May glad the fleets that hope not our return,
 Who tremble yet, scarce resen'd from their fates,
 And still hear Hector thund'ring at their gates.
 Some hero too must be dispatch'd to bear
 The mournful message to Pelides' ear;

For sure he knows not, distant on the shore,
His friend, his lov'd Patroclus, is no more.
But such a chief I spy not through the host:
The men, the steeds, the armies, all are lost
In gen'ral darkness——Lord of earth and air!
Oh king! oh father! hear my humble pray'r:
Dispel this cloud, the light of heav'n restore;
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more:
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,
But let us perish in the face of day!

With tears the hero spoke, and at his pray'r
The god relenting, clear'd the clouded air;
Forth burst the sun with all-enlight'ning ray;
The blaze of armour flash'd against the day.
Now, now, Atrides! cast around thy sight,
If yet Antilochus survives the fight,
Let him to great Achilles' ear convey
The fatal news——Atrides hastes away.

So turns the lion from the nightly fold,
Though high in courage, and with hunger bold;
Long gall'd by herdsmen, and long vex'd by hounds,
Stiff with fatigue, and fretted sore with wounds;
The darts fly round him from a hundred hands,
And the red terrors of the blazing brands:
'Till late, reluctant, at the dawn of day
Sour he departs, and quits th' untasted prey.
So mov'd Atrides from his dang'rous place
With weary'd limbs, but with unwilling pace;
The foe, he fear'd, might yet Patroclus gain,
And much admonish'd, much adjur'd his train.

Oh guard these relics to your charge consign'd,
 And bear the merits of the dead in mind;
 How skill'd he was in each obliging art;
 The mildest manners, and the gentlest heart:
 He was, alas! but fate decreed his end;
 In death a hero, as in life a friend!

So parts the chief; from rank to rank he flew,
 And round on all sides sent his piercing view.
 As the bold bird, endu'd with sharpest eye
 Of all that wing the mid ærial sky,
 The sacred eagle, from his walks above
 Looks down, and sees the distant thicket move;
 Then stoops, and sowing on the quiv'ring hare,
 Snatches his life amid the clouds of air.
 Not with less quickness, his exerted flight
 Pass'd this, and that way, thro' the ranks of fight:
 Till on the left, the chief he sought, he found;
 Chearing his men, and spreading deaths around.

To him the king. Belov'd of Jove! draw near,
 For sadder tidings never touch'd thy ear;
 Thy eyes have witness'd what a fatal turn!
 How Ilium triumphs, and th' Achæians mourn.
 This is not all: Patroclus on the shore,
 Now pale and dead, shall succour Greece no more.
 Fly to the fleet, this instant fly, and tell
 The sad Achilles how his lov'd one fell:
 He too may haste the naked corse to gain;
 The arms are Hector's, who despoil'd the slain.

The youthful warrior heard with silent woe,
 From his fair eyes the tears began to flow;

Big with the mighty grief, he strove to say
 What sorrow dictates, but no word found way.
 To brave Laodocus his arms he flung,
 Who near him wheeling, drove his steeds along;
 Then ran, the mournful message to impart,
 With tear-ful eyes, and with dejected heart.

Swift fled the youth; nor Menelaus stands,
 (Tho' sore distressed) to aid the Pylian bands;
 But bids bold Thrasymede those troops sustain;
 Himself returns to his Patroclus slain.

Gone is Antilochus (the hero said)
 But hope not, warriors! for Achilles' aid:
 Tho' fierce his rage, unbounded be his woe,
 Unarm'd, he fights not with the Trojan foe.
 'Tis in our hands alone our hopes remain,
 'Tis our own vigour must the dead regain;
 And save ourselves, while with impetuous hate
 Troy pours along, and this way rolls our fate.

'Tis well (said Ajax) be it then thy care
 With Merion's aid, the weighty corse to rear;
 Myself, and my bold brother will sustain
 The shock of Hector and his charging train:
 Nor fear we armies, fighting side by side;
 What Troy can dare, we have already try'd,
 Have try'd it, and have stood. The hero said.
 High from the ground the warriors heave the dead;
 A gen'ral clamour rises at the fight:
 Loud shout the Trojans, and renew the fight.
 Not fiercer rush along the gloomy wood,
 With rage insatiate and with thirst of blood,

Voracious hounds, that many a length before
 Their furious hunters, drive the wounded boar;
 But if the savage turns his glaring eye,
 They howl aloof, and round the forest fly.
 Thus on retreating Greece the Trojans pour,
 Wave their thick faulchions, and their jav'lines show'r:
 But Ajax turning, to their fears they yield,
 All pale they tremble, and forsake the field.

While thus aloft the hero's corse they bear,
 Behind them rages all the storm of war;
 Confusion, tumult, horror, o'er the throng
 Of men, steeds, chariots, urg'd the rout along:
 Less fierce the winds with rising flames conspire,
 To whelm some city under waves of fire;
 Now sink in gloomy clouds the proud abodes;
 Now crack the blazing temples of the gods;
 The rumbling torrent through the ruin rolls,
 And sheets of smoke mount heavy to the poles.
 The heroes sweat beneath their honour'd load;
 As when two mules, along the rugged road,
 From the steep mountain with exerted strength
 Drag some vast beam, or mast's unwieldy length;
 Inly they groan, big drops of sweat distill,
 Th' enormous timber lumb'ring down the hill.
 So these——Behind, the bulk of Ajax stands,
 And breaks the torrent of the rushing bands.
 Thus when a river swell'd with sudden rains,
 Spreads his broad waters o'er the level plains,
 Some interposing hill the stream divides,
 And breaks its force, and turns the winding tides.

Still close they follow, close the rear engage;
 Æneas storms, and Hector foams with rage:
 While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
 Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes,
 That shriek incessant, while the falcon hung
 High on pois'd pinions, threats their callow young.
 So from the Trojan chiefs the Grecians fly,
 Such the wild terror, and the mingled cry.
 Within, without the trench, and all the way,
 Strow'd in bright heaps, their arms and armour lay;
 Such horror Jove imprest! Yet still proceeds
 The work of death, and still the battle bleeds.

THE I L I A D.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

The grief of Achilles, and new armour made him by
Vulcan.

The news of the death of Patroclus is brought to Achilles
by Antilochus. Thetis hearing his lamentations, comes
with all her sea-nymphs to comfort him. The speeches
of the mother and son on this occasion. Iris appears
to Achilles by the command of Juno, and orders him
to shew himself at the head of the entrenchments.
The sight of him turns the fortune of the day, and the
body of Patroclus is carried off by the Greeks. The
Trojans call a council, where Hector and Polydamas
disagree in their opinions; but the advice of the for-
mer prevails, to remain encamped in the field: the
grief of Achilles over the body of Patroclus.

Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan to obtain new arms
for her son. The description of the wonderful works of
Vulcan; and lastly, that noble one of the shield of A-
chilles.

The latter part of the nine and twentieth day, and the
night ensuing, take up this book. The scene is at A-

*chilles's tent on the sea-shore, from whence it changes
to the palace of Vulcan.*

THUS like the rage of fire the combat burns,
And now it rises, now it sinks by turns.

Meanwhile, where Hellespont's broad waters flow,
Stood Nestor's son, the messenger of woe:

There sat Achilles, shaded by his sails,
On hoisted yards extended to the gales;
Pensive he fate; for all that fate design'd,
Rose in sad prospect to his boding mind.

Thus to his soul he said. Ah! what constrains
The Greeks, late victors, now to quit the plains?

Is this the day, which heav'n so long ago
Ordain'd, to sink me with the weight of woe?

So Thetis warn'd, when by a Trojan hand
The bravest of the Myrmidonian band
Should lose the light? Fulfill'd is that decree;
Fall'n is the warrior, and Patroclus he!

In vain I charg'd him soon to quit the plain,
And warn'd to shun Hecstorean force in vain!

Thus while he thinks, Antilochus appears,
And tells the melancholy tale with tears.

Sad tidings, son of Peleus! thou must hear;
And wretched I, th' unwilling messenger!
Dead is Patroclus! For his corse they fight;
His naked corse; his arms are Hector's right.

A sudden horror shot through all the chief,
And wrapt his senses in the cloud of grief;
Cast on the ground, with furious hands he spread
The scorching ashes o'er his graceful head;

His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
 Those he deforms with dust, and these he tears:
 On the hard soil his groaning breast he threw,
 And roll'd and grovel'd, as to earth he grew.
 The virgin captives, with disorder'd charms,
 (Won by his own, or by Patroclus' arms)
 Rush'd from the tents with cries; and gath'ring round,
 Beat their white breasts, and fainted on the ground:
 While Nestor's son sustains a manlier part,
 And mourns the warrior with a warrior's heart;
 Hangs on his arms, amidst his frantic woe,
 And oft prevents the meditated blow.

Far in the deep abysses of the main,
 With hoary Nereus, and the watry train,
 The mother goddess from her crystal throne
 Heard his loud cries, and answer'd groan for groan.
 The circling Nereids with their mistress weep,
 And all the sea-green sisters of the deep.
 Thalia, Glaucus, ev'ry wat'ry name,
 Nesaia mild, and silver Spio came:
 Cymothoe and Cymodoce were nigh,
 And the blue languish of soft Alia's eye.
 Their locks Actaea and Limnoria rear,
 Then Proto, Doris, Panope appear;
 Thoas, Pherusa, Doto, Melita;
 Agave gentle, and Amphithoe gay:
 Next Callianira, Callianassa show
 Their sister-looks; Dexamene the slow,
 And swift Dynamene, now cut the tides:
 Iacra now the verdant wave divides;

Nemertes with Apseudes lifts the head:
 Bright Galatea quits her pearly bed:
 These Orythia, Clymene, attend,
 Maera, Amphinome, the train extend,
 And black Janira, and Janassa fair,
 And Amatheia with her amber hair.
 All these, and all that deep in ocean held
 Their sacred seats, the glimm'ring grotto fill'd;
 Each beat her iv'ry breast with silent woe,
 'Till Thetis' sorrows thus began to flow.

Hear me, and judge, ye sisters of the main!
 How just a cause has Thetis to complain?
 How wretched, were I mortal, were my fate!
 How more than wretched in th' immortal state!
 Sprung from my bed a god-like hero came,
 The bravest far that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair olive, by my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and adorn'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him; but the fates ordain
 He never, never must return again.
 So short a space the light of heav'n to view,
 So short, alas! and fill'd with anguish too.
 Hear how his sorrows echo through the shore!
 I cannot ease them, but I must deplore;
 I go at least to bear a tender part,
 And mourn my lov'd one with a mother's heart.

She said, and left the caverns of the main.
 All bath'd in tears, the melancholy train
 Attend her way. Wide-opening part the tides,
 While the long pomp the silver wave divides.

Approaching now, they touch'd the Trojan land;
 Then, two by two, ascended up the strand.
 Th' immortal mother, standing close beside
 Her mournful offspring, to his sighs reply'd;
 Along the coast their mingled clamours ran,
 And thus the silver-footed dame began.

Why mourns my son? thy late preferr'd request
 The god has granted, and the Greeks distressed:
 Why mourns my son? thy anguish let me share,
 Reveal the cause, and trust a parent's care.

He, deeply groaning——To this cureless grief
 Not ev'n the thund'rer's favour brings relief.
 Patroclus——Ah!——say, goddess, can I boast
 A pleasure now? revenge itself is lost:
 Patroclus, lov'd of all my martial train,
 Beyond mankind, beyond myself, is slain!
 Lost are those arms the gods themselves bestow'd
 On Peleus; Hector bears the glorious load.
 Curs'd be that day, when all the pow'rs above
 Thy charms submitted to a mortal love:
 Oh had'st thou still, a sister of the main,
 Pursu'd the pleasures of the wat'ry reign;
 And happier Peleus, less ambitious, led
 A mortal beauty to his equal bed!
 Ere the sad fruit of thy unhappy womb
 Had caus'd such sorrows past, and woes to come.
 For soon, alas! that wretched offspring slain,
 New woes, new sorrows, shall create again:
 'Tis not in fate th' alternate now to give;
 Patroclus dead, Achilles hates to live.

Let me revenge it on proud Hector's heart,
 Let his last spirit smoke upon my dart;
 On these conditions will I breath: till then,
 I blush to walk among the race of men.

A flood of tears, at this, the goddess shed,
 Ah then, I see thee dying, see thee dead!
 When Hector falls, thou dy'st.—Let Hector die,
 And let me fall! (Achilles made reply.)
 Far lies Patroclus from his native plain!
 He fell, and falling, wish'd my aid in vain.
 Ah then, since from this miserable day
 I cast all hope of my return away,
 Since unreveng'd, a hundred ghosts demand
 The fate of Hector from Achilles' hand;
 Since here, for brutal courage far renown'd,
 I live an idle burden to the ground,
 (Others in council fam'd for nobler skill,
 More useful to preserve, than I to kill)
 Let me—But oh! ye gracious pow'rs above!
 Wrath and revenge from men and gods remove:
 Far, far too dear to ev'ry mortal breast,
 Sweet to the soul, as honey to the taste;
 Gath'ring like vapours of a noxious kind
 From fiery blood, and dark'ning all the mind.
 Me Agamemnon urg'd to deadly hate;
 'Tis past—I quell it; I resign to fate.
 Yes—I will meet the murd'rer of my friend,
 Or (if the gods ordain it) meet my end.
 The stroke of fate the bravest cannot shun:
 The great Alcides, Jove's unequal'd son,

To Juno's hate at length resign'd his breath,
 And sunk the victim of all-conqu'ring death:
 So shall Achilles fall! stretch'd pale and dead,
 No more the Grecian hope, or Trojan dread!
 Let me, this instant, rush into the fields;
 And reap what glory life's short harvest yields.
 Shall I not force some widow dame to tear
 With frantic hands her long dishevel'd hair?
 Shall I not force her breast to heave with sighs,
 And the soft tears to trickle from her eyes?
 Yes, I shall give the fair those mournful charms——
 In vain you hold me——Hence! my arms, my arms!
 Soon shall the sanguine torrent spread so wide,
 That all shall know, Achilles swells the tide.

My son (Coerulean Thetis made reply,
 To fate submitting with a secret sigh)
 The host to succour, and thy friends to save,
 Is worthy thee; the duty of the brave:
 But can'st thou, naked, issue to the plains?
 Thy radiant arms the Trojan foe detains.
 Insulting Hector bears the spoils on high,
 But vainly glories, for his fate is nigh.
 Yet, yet awhile, thy gen'rous ardour stay;
 Assur'd, I meet thee at the dawn of day,
 Charg'd with refulgent arms (a glorious load)
 Vulcanian arms, the labour of a god.

Then turning to the daughters of the main,
 The goddess thus dismiss'd her azure train.

Ye sister Nereids! to your deeps descend,
 Haste, and our father's sacred seat attend,

I go to find the architect divine,
 Where vast Olympus' starry summits shine :
 So tell our hoary sire——This charge she gave:
 The sea-green sisters plunge beneath the wave :
 Thetis once more ascends the blest abodes,
 And treads the brazen threshold of the gods.

And now the Greeks, from furious Hector's force,
 Urge to broad Hellespont their headlong course :
 Nor yet their chiefs Patroclus' body bore
 Safe through the tempest, to the tented shore.
 The horse, the foot, with equal fury join'd,
 Pour'd on the rear, and thunder'd close behind;
 And like a flame through fields of ripen'd corn,
 The rage of Hector o'er the ranks was borne :
 Thrice the slain hero by the foot he drew ;
 Thrice to the skies the Trojan clamours flew.
 As oft th' Ajaces his assault sustain ;
 But check'd, he turns; repuls'd, attacks again.
 With fiercer shouts his ling'ring troops he fires,
 Nor yields a step, nor from his post retires :
 So watchful shepherds strive to force, in vain,
 The hungry lion from a carcase slain.
 Ev'n yet, Patroclus had he borne away,
 And all the glories of th' extended day ;
 Had not high Juno, from the realms of air,
 Secret, dispatch'd her trusty messenger.
 The various goddess of the show'ry bow,
 Shot in a whirlwind to the shore below ;
 To great Achilles at his ships she came,
 And thus began the many-colour'd dame.

Rise, son of Peleus! rise divinely brave!
 Assist the combat, and Patroclus save:
 For him the slaughter to the fleet they spread,
 And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
 To drag him back to Troy the foe contends;
 Nor with his death the rage of Hector ends:
 A prey to dogs he dooms the corse to lie,
 And marks the place to fix his head on high.
 Rise, and prevent (if yet you think of fame)
 Thy friend's disgrace, thy own eternal shame!

Who sends thee, goddess! from th' aethereal skies?
 Achilles thus. And Iris thus replies.
 I come, Pelides! from the queen of Jove,
 Th' immortal empress of the realms above;
 Unknown to him who sits remote on high,
 Unknown to all the synod of the sky.
 Thou com'st in vain, he cries, (with fury warm'd)
 Arms I have none, and can I fight unarm'd?
 Unwilling as I am, of force I stay,
 'Till Thetis bring me at the dawn of day
 Vulcanian arms: what other should I wield?
 Except the mighty Telamonian shield?
 That, in my friend's defence, has Ajax spread,
 While his strong lance around him heaps the dead:
 The gallant chief defends Moenetus' son;
 And does, what his Achilles should have done.

Thy want of arms (said Iris) well we know,
 But though unarm'd yet clad in terrors, go!
 Let but Achilles o'er yon trench appear,
 Proud Troy shall tremble, and consent to fear;

Greece from one glance of that tremendous eye,
Shall take new courage, and disdain to fly.

She spoke, and past in air. The hero rose;
Her Ægis, Pallas o'er his shoulders throws;
Around his brows a golden cloud she spread;
A stream of glory flam'd above his head.
As when from some beleaguer'd town arise
The smokes, high-curling to the shaded skies;
(Seen from some island, o'er the main afar,
When men distress hang out the sign of war)
Soon as the sun in ocean hides his rays,
Thick on the hills the flaming beacons blaze;
With long-projected beams the seas are bright,
And heav'n's high arch reflects the ruddy light:
So from Achilles' head the splendors rise,
Reflecting blaze on blaze, against the skies.
Forth march'd the chief, and distant from the croud,
High on the rampart rais'd his voice aloud;
With her own shout Minerva swells the sound;
Troy starts astonish'd, and the shores rebound.
As the loud trumpet's brazen mouth from far
With shrilling clangor sounds th' alarm of war,
Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
And the round bulwarks, and thick tow'rs reply;
So high his brazen voice the hero rear'd:
Hosts drop their arms, and trembled as they heard;
And back the chariots roll, and coursers bound,
And steeds and men lie mingled on the ground.
Aghast they see the living light'nings play,
And turn their eyes-balls from the flashing ray.

Thrice from the trench his dreadful voice he rais'd;
 And thrice they fled, confounded and amaz'd.
 Twelve in the tumult wedg'd, untimely rush'd
 On their own spears, by their own chariots crush'd:
 While shielded from the darts, the Greeks obtain
 The long-contended carcase of the slain.

A lofty bier the breathless warrior bears:
 Around, his sad companions melt in tears.
 But chief Achilles, bending down his head,
 Pours unavailing sorrows o'er the dead.
 Whom late, triumphant with his steeds and car,
 He sent refulgent to the field of war,
 Unhappy change! now senseless, pale, he found,
 Stretch'd forth, and gash'd with many a gaping wound.

Meantime, unwearied with his heav'nly way,
 In Ocean's waves th' unwilling light of day
 Quench'd his red orb, at Juno's high command,
 And from their labours eas'd th' Achaian band.
 The frightened Trojans (panting from the war,
 Their steeds unharnes'd from the weary car)
 A sudden council call'd: each chief appear'd
 In haste, and standing; for to sit they fear'd.
 'Tis now no season for prolong'd debate;
 They saw Achilles, and in him their fate.
 Silent they stood: Polydamas at last,
 Skill'd to discern the future by the past,
 The son of Panthus, thus express'd his fears;
 The friend of Hector, and of equal years:
 The self same night to both a being gave,
 One wise in council, one in action brave.)

In free debate, my friends, your sentence speak:
 For me, I move, before the morning break,
 To raise our camp: too dang'rous here our post,
 Far from Troy walls, and on a naked coast.
 I deem'd not Greece so dreadful, while engag'd
 In mutual feuds, her king and hero rag'd;
 Then, while we hop'd our armies might prevail,
 We boldly camp'd beside a thousand sail.
 I dread Pelides now: his rage of mind
 Not long continues to the shores confin'd,
 Nor to the fields, where long in equal fray
 Contending nations won and lost the day;
 For Troy, for Troy shall henceforth be the strife,
 And the hard contest not for fame, but life.
 Haste then to Ilion, while th' fav'ring night
 Detains those terrors, keeps that arm from fight;
 If but the morrow's sun behold us here,
 That arm, those terrors, we shall feel, not fear;
 And hearts that now disdain, shall leap with joy,
 If heav'n permits them then to enter Troy.
 Let not my fatal prophecy be true,
 Nor what I tremble but to think, ensue.
 Whatever be our fate, yet let us try
 What force of thought and reason can supply;
 Let us on counsel for our guard depend;
 The town, her gates and bulwarks shall defend:
 When morning dawns, our well-appointed pow'rs,
 Array'd in arms, shall line the lofty tow'rs.
 Let the fierce hero then, when fury calls,
 Vent his mad vengeance on our rocky walls,

Or fetch a thousand circles round the plain;
 'Till his spent coursers seek the fleet again:
 So may his rage be tir'd, and labour'd down;
 And dogs shall tear him, ere he sack the town.

Return! (said Hector, fir'd with stern disdain)
 What, coop whole armies in our walls again?
 Was't not enough, ye valiant warriors, say,
 Nine years imprison'd in those tow'rs ye lay?
 Wide o'er the world was Ilion fam'd of old
 For brass exhaustless, and for mines of gold:
 But while inglorious in her walls we stay'd,
 Sunk were her treasures, and her stores decay'd;
 The Phrygians now her scatter'd spoils enjoy,
 And proud Maconia wastes the fruits of Troy.
 Great Jove at length my arms to conquest calls,
 And shuts the Grecians in their wooden walls:
 Dar'st thou dispirit whom the gods incite?
 Flies any Trojan? I shall stop his flight.
 To better counsel then attention lend,
 Take due refreshment, and the watch attend.
 If there be one whose riches cost him care,
 Forth let him bring them for the troops to share;
 'Tis better gen'rously bestow'd on those,
 Than left the plunder of our country's foes.
 Soon as the morn the purple orient warms,
 Pierce on yon' navy will we pour our arms.
 If great Achilles rise in all his might,
 His be the danger: I shall stand the fight.
 Honour, ye gods! or let me gain, or give;
 And live he glorious, whosoe'er shall live!

Mars is our common lord, alike to all;
And oft the victor triumphs, but to fall.

The shouting hosts in loud applauses join'd;
So Pallas rob'd the many of their mind,
To their own sense condemn'd! and left to chuse
The worst advice, the better to refuse.

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief Pelides stood;
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs: then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars thro' the desert, and demands his young;
When the grim savage to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales and o'er the forests bounds;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.
So grieves Achilles; and impetuous, vents
To all his Myrmidons, his loud laments.

In what vain promise, gods! did I engage?
When to console Menoetius' feeble age,
I vow'd his much lov'd offspring to restore,
Charg'd with rich spoils to fair Opuntia's shore!
But mighty Jove cuts short, with just disdain,
The long, long views of poor designing man!
One fate the warrior and the friend shall strike,
And Troy's black sands must drink our blood alike:
Me too, a wretched mother shall deplore,
An aged father never see me more!

Yet, my Patroclus! yet a space I stay,
 Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
 Ere thy dear relics in the grave are laid,
 Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade;
 That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine,
 And twelve, the noblest of the Trojan line,
 Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire;
 Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre,
 Thus let me lye till then! thus, closely prest,
 Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast!
 While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
 Weep all the night, and murmur all the day:
 Spoils of my arms, and thine; when, wasting wide,
 Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

He spoke, and bid the sad attendants round
 Cleanse the pale corse, and wash each honour'd wound.
 A massy caldron of stupendous frame
 They brought, and plac'd it o'er the rising flame:
 Then heap the lighted wood; the flame divides
 Beneath the vase, and climbs around the sides:
 In its wide womb they pour the rushing stream;
 The boiling water bubbles to the brim:
 The body then they bathe with pious toil,
 Embalm the wounds, anoint the limbs with oil;
 High on a bed of state, extended laid,
 And decent cover'd with a linen shade;
 Last o'er the dead the milk-white veil they threw;
 That done, their sorrows and their sighs renew.

Meanwhile to Juno in the realms above,
 His wife and sister, spoke almighty Jove.

At last thy will prevails: great Peleus' son
 Rises in arms: such grace thy Greeks have won.
 Say, for I know not, is their race divine,
 And thou the mother of that martial line?

What words are these (th' imperial dame replies,
 While anger flash'd from her majestic eyes)
 Succour like this a mortal arm might lend,
 And such success mere human wit attend:
 And shall not J, the second pow'r above,
 Heav'n's queen, and consort of the thund'ring Jove,
 Say, shall not I, one nation's fate command,
 Nor wreak my vengeance on one guilty land?

So they. Meanwhile the silver-footed dame
 Reach'd the Vulcanian dome, eternal frame!
 High eminent above the works divine,
 Where heav'n's far-beaming brazen mansions shine,
 There the lame architect the goddess found,
 Obscure in smoke, his forges flaming round,
 While bath'd in sweat from fire to fire he flew,
 And puffing loud, the roring bellows blew.
 That day, no common task his labour claim'd:
 Full twenty tripods for his hall he fram'd,
 That plac'd on living wheels of massy gold,
 Wondrous to tell, instinct with spirit roll'd
 From place to place, around the blest abodes,
 Self-mov'd, obedient to the beck of gods:
 For their fair handles now, o'er-wrought with flow'rs,
 In molds prepar'd, the glowing ore he pours.
 Just as responsive to his thought, the frame
 Stood prompt to move, the azure Goddess came:

Charis, his spouse, a grace divinely fair,
 (With purple fillets round her braided hair)
 Observ'd her ent'ring; her soft hand she press'd,
 And smiling, thus the wat'ry queen address'd.

What, goddess! this unusual favour draws?
 All hail, and welcome! whatsoe'er the cause:
 Till now a stranger, in a happy hour,
 Approach and taste the dainties of the bow'r.
 High on a throne, with stars of silver grac'd,
 And various artifice, the queen she plac'd;
 A footstool at her feet: then calling, said,
 Vulcan, draw near, 'tis Thetis asks your aid.

Thetis, reply'd the god, our pow'rs may claim,
 An ever-dear, an ever-honour'd name!
 When my proud mother hurl'd me from the sky,
 (My awkward form, it seems, displeas'd her eye)
 She, and Eurynome, my griefs redrest,
 And soft receiv'd me on their silver breast.
 Ev'n then, these arts employ'd my infant thought;
 Chains, bracelets, pendants, all their toys I wrought.
 Nine years kept secret in the dark abode,
 Secure I lay, conceal'd from man and god:
 Deep in a cavern'd rock my days were led;
 The rushing ocean mutmur'd o'er my head.
 Now since her presence glads our mansion, say,
 For such desert what service can I pay?
 Vouchsafe, O Thetis! at our board to share
 The genial rites, and hospitable fare;
 While I my labours of the forge forego,
 And bid the roaring bellows cease to blow.

Then from his anvil the lame artist rose;
 Wide with distorted legs, oblique he goes,
 And stills the bellows, and (in order laid)
 Locks in their chest his instruments of trade.
 Then with a sponge the sooty workman drest
 His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast.
 With his huge sceptre grac'd, and red attire,
 Came halting forth the sov'reign of the fire:
 The monarch's steps two female forms uphold,
 That mov'd, and breath'd, in animated gold;
 To whom was voice, and sense, and science giv'n
 Of works divine (such wonders are in heav'n!).
 On these supported, with unequal gait,
 He reach'd the throne where pensive Thetis fate;
 There plac'd beside her on the shining frame,
 He thus address'd the silver-footed dame.

Thee, welcome Goddess! what occasion calls,
 (So long a stranger) to these honour'd walls?
 'Tis thine, fair Thetis, the command to lay,
 And Vulcan's joy, and duty to obey.

To whom the mournful mother thus replies,
 (The crystal drops stood trembling in her eyes)
 O Vulcan! say, was ever breast divine
 So pierc'd with sorrows, so o'erwhelm'd as mine?
 Of all the goddesses, did Jove prepare
 For Thetis only such a weight of care?
 I, only I, of all the wat'ry race,
 By force subjected to a man's embrace,
 Who, sinking now with age and sorrow, pays
 The mighty fine impos'd on length of days.

Sprung from my bed, a godlike hero came,
 The bravest sure that ever bore the name;
 Like some fair plant beneath my careful hand
 He grew, he flourish'd, and he grac'd the land:
 To Troy I sent him! but his native shore
 Never, ah never, shall receive him more;
 (Ev'n while he lives, he wastes with secret woe)
 Nor I, a Goddess, can retard the blow!
 Robb'd of the prize the Grecian suffrage gave,
 The king of nations forc'd his royal slave:
 For this he griev'd; and till the Greeks oppress
 Requir'd his arm, he sorrow'd unredrest.
 Large gifts they promise, and their elders send;
 In vain—he arms not, but permits his friend
 His arms, his steeds, his forces to employ;
 He marches, combates, almost conquers Troy:
 Then slain by Phoebus, (Hector had the name)
 At once resigns his armour, life, and fame.
 But thou, in pity, by my pray'r be won;
 Grace with immortal arms, this short-liv'd son,
 And to the field in martial pomp restore,
 To shine with glory, till he shines no more!

To her the artist-God. Thy griefs resign,
 Secure, what Vulcan can, is ever thine.
 O could I hide him from the fates as well,
 Or with these hands the cruel stroke repell,
 As I shall forge most envy'd arms, the gaze
 Of wond'ring ages, and the world's amaze!
 Thus having said, the father of the fires
 To the black labours of his forge retires.

Soon as he bade them blow, the bellows turn'd
 Their iron mouths; and where the furnace burn'd,
 Resounding breath'd: at once the blast expires,
 And twenty forges catch at once the fires;
 Just as the god directs, now loud, now low,
 They raise a tempest, or they gently blow.
 In hissing flames huge silver bars are roll'd,
 And stubborn brass, and tin, and solid gold:
 Before, deep fix'd, th' eternal anvils stand;
 The pond'rous hammer loads his better hand,
 His left with tongs turns the vex'd metal round;
 And thick, strong strokes, the doubling vaults rebound.

Then first he form'd th' immense and solid shield;
 Rich, various artifice emblaz'd the field;
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound;
 A silver chain suspends the massy round,
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose,
 And godlike labours on the surface rose.
 There shone the image of the master mind:
 There earth, there heav'n, there ocean he design'd;
 Th' unwear'd sun, the moon compleatly round;
 The starry lights that heav'n's high convex crown'd;
 The Pleiads, Hyads, with the northern team;
 And great Orion's more refulgent beam;
 To which, around the axle of the sky,
 The Bear revolving, points his golden eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' aethereal plain,
 Nor bends his blazing forehead to the main.

Two cities radiant on the shield appear,
 The image one of Peace, and one of War.

Here sacred pomp, and genial feast delight,
 And solemn dance, and Hymenaeal rite;
 Along the street the new-made brides are led,
 With torches flaming, to the nuptial bed;
 The youthful dancers in a circle bound
 To the soft flute, and cittern's silver sound:
 Through the fair streets, the matrons in a row,
 Stand in their porches, and enjoy the show.

There, in the forum swarm a num'rous train;
 The subject of debate, a townsman slain:
 One pleads the fine discharg'd, which one deny'd,
 And bad the public and the laws decide:
 The witness is produc'd on either hand;
 For this, or that, the partial people stand:
 Th' appointed heralds still the noisy bands,
 And form a ring, with sceptres in their hands;
 On seats of stone, within the sacred place,
 The rev'rend elders nodded o'er the case;
 Alternate, each th' attesting sceptre took,
 And rising solemn, each his sentence spoke.
 Two golden talents lay amidst, in sight,
 The prize of him who best adjug'd the right.

Another part (a prospect diff'ring far)
 Glow'd with refulgent arms, and hor' war.
 Two mighty hosts a leaguer'd town embrace,
 And one would pillage, one would burn the place.
 Meantime the townsmen, arm'd with silent care,
 A secret ambush, on the foe prepare:
 Their wives, their children, and the watchful band,
 Of trembling parents on the turrets stand,

They march; by Pallas and by Mars made bold;
 Gold were the Gods, their radiant garments gold,
 And gold their armour: these the Squadron led,
 August, divine, superior by the head!
 A place for ambush fit, they found, and stood
 Cover'd with shields, beside a silver flood.
 Two spies at distance lurk, and watchful seem
 If sheep or oxen seek the winding stream.
 Soon the white flocks proceeded o'er the plains,
 And steers slow-moving, and two shepherd swains;
 Behind them, piping on their reeds, they go,
 Nor fear an ambush, nor suspect a foe.
 In arms the glitt'ring Squadron rising round,
 Rush sudden; hills of slaughter heap the ground,
 Whole flocks and herds lie bleeding on the plains,
 And, all amidst them, dead, the shepherd swains!
 The bellowing oxen the besiegers hear;
 They rise, take horse, approach, and meet the war;
 They fight, they fall, beside the silver flood;
 The waving silver seem'd to blush with blood.
 There Tumult, there Contention stood confest;
 One rear'd a dagger at a captive's breast,
 One held a living foe, that freshly bled
 With new-made wounds; another dragg'd a dead;
 Now here, now there, the carcasses they tore:
 Fate stalk'd amidst them, grim with human gore.
 And the whole war came out, and met the eye;
 And each bold figure seem'd to live, or die.
 A field deep furrow'd, next the God design'd,
 The third time labour'd by the sweating hind;

The shining shares full many plowmen guide,
 And turn their crooked yokes on ev'ry side.
 Still as at either end they wheel around,
 The master meets them with his goblet crown'd;
 The hearty draught rewards, renews their toil;
 Then back the turning plow-shares cleave the soil:
 Behind, the rising earth in ridges roll'd,
 And sable look'd; tho' form'd of molten gold.

Another field rose high with waving grain;
 With bended sickles stand the reaper-train:
 Here stretch'd in ranks the levell'd swarths are found;
 Sheaves heap'd on sheaves, here thicken up the ground.
 With sweeping stroke the mower strow the lands;
 The gath'ers follow, and collect in bands;
 And last the children, in whose arms are born
 (Too short to grip them) the brown sheaves of corn.
 The rustic monarch of the field describes
 With silent glee, the heaps around him rise.
 A ready banquet on the turf is laid,
 Beneath an ample oak's expanded shade.
 The victim-ox the sturdy youth prepare;
 The reaper's due repast, the womens care.

Next, ripe in yellow gold, a vineyard shines,
 Bent with the pond'rous harvest of its vines;
 A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,
 And curl'd on silver props, in order glow:
 A darker metal mix'd, intrench'd the place;
 And pales of glitt'ring tin th'inclosure grace.
 To this, one path-way gently winding leads,
 Where march a train with baskets on their heads,

(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear
The purple product of th' autumnal year,
To these a youth awakes the warbling strings,
Whose tender lay the fate of Linus sings;
In measur'd dance behind him move the train,
Tune soft the voice, and answer to the strain.

Here, herds of oxen march, erect and bold,
Rear high their horns, and seem'd to lowe in gold,
And speed to meadows on whose sounding shores
A rapid torrent thro' the rushes roars:
Four golden herdsmen as their guardian stand,
And nine four dogs complete the rustic band.
Two lions rushing from the wood appear'd;
And seiz'd a bull, the master of the herd:
He roar'd: in vain the dogs, the men withstood;
They tore his flesh, and drank the sable blood.
The dogs (oft chear'd in vain) desert the prey,
Dread the grim terrors, and at distance bay.

Next this, the eye the art of Vulcan leads
Deep thro' fair forests, and a length of meads;
And stalls, and folds, and scatter'd coats between;
And fleecy flocks, that whiten all the scene.

A figur'd dance succeeds: such one was seen
In lofty Geopius, for the Cretan queen,
Form'd by Daedalian art. A comely band
Of youths and maidens, bounding hand in hand;
The maids in soft cymarrs of linen dress'd;
The youths all graceful in the glossy vest;
Of those the locks with flow'ry wreaths inroll'd,
Of these the sides adorn'd with swords of gold.

That glitt'ring gay, from silver belts depend.
 Now all at once they rise, at once descend,
 With well-taught feet: now shape, in oblique ways,
 Confus'dly regular, the moving maze:
 Now forth at once, too swift for sight, they spring,
 And undistinguish'd blend the flying ring:
 So whirls a wheel, in giddy circle tost,
 And rapid as it runs, the single spokes are lost.
 The gazing multitudes admire around;
 Two active tumblers in the centre bound;
 Now high, now low, their pliant limbs they bend,
 And gen'ral songs the sprightly revel end.

Thus the broad shield complete the artist crown'd
 With his last hand, and pour'd the ocean round:
 In living silver seem'd the waves to roll,
 And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole.

This done, whate'er a warrior's use requires
 He forg'd; the cuirass that outshone the fires;
 The greaves of ductile tin, the helm imprest
 With various sculpture, and the golden crest:
 At Thetis' feet the finish'd labour lay;
 She, as a falcon, cuts th' aerial way,
 Swift from Olympus' snowy summit flies,
 And bears the blazing present thro' the skies.